

BitterSweet

95¢

November, 1979 The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region Vol. III, No. 1



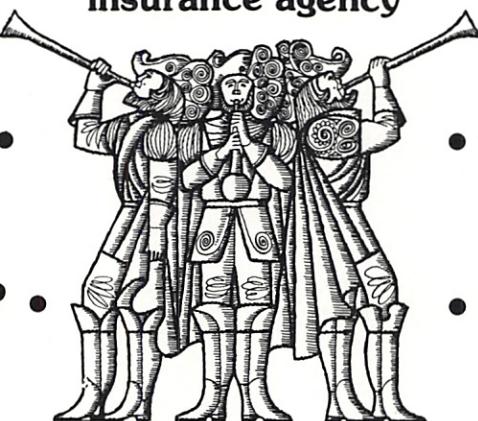
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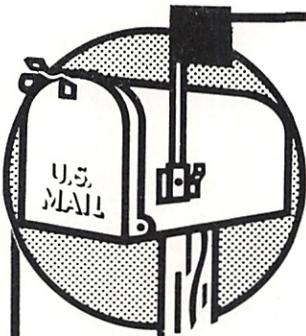
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Dear Peter,

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'Bout five days 'go I boxed one of my prize turkeys an' took it to Eino's for a Thankgivin' gift. Pretty plump bird you know. Fed him that good Blue Seal Feed you got. Well when I got there Eino was gone for the day. Course I didn't know it, but Sara (that's Eino's wife) is scat to dickins of fowl. When she opened that lid, Old Tom Turkey flew out. Why that woman went right outta her mind. I never saw anything like it in my life. Why she ran right 'round an' 'round in circles just a screechin' an' screamin'. It took bout half an hour 'fore she came outta that craze. She grabbed a hold a broom an' started a swingin'. The feathers were a flyin' an' things were a flyin' off the shelves an' walls, Old Blue was a runnin' over pots an' pans, just a howlin', right behind old Tom. I hit the floor just 'bout the peak of this catastrophe. Seconds later a huge bucket of molasses landed right square over my body. I was covered. I started a crawlin' toward the parlor to git away from all this. I was just 'bout there when I was attacked by this woman, broom an' old Blue. Why I lit out, straight through that parlor winda. I took one look over my shoulder as I cleared the porch an' there was Sara, the turkey an' old Blue right behind. That poor turkey was stripped clean round that farm, house an' fields 'fore I shook 'em. When I got home an' looked in the mirror I looked worsen 'em all. I was covered with feathers. Looked more like Tom Turkey than he looked like his self. I'll be a comin' over pretty soon an' buy some gifts for Sara, to replace her loses. Give 'em to her for Christmas. You've got some dandies over there.

—Bert

Dear Bert,

I heard tell, that some of the best gifts come in small packages. We've got many items that will make some great Christmas gifts for Sara. You just shuffle on over an' we'll fix you right up. You know I'm glad you told me 'bout that bird, cause that explains 'bout that creature which has been perched a top, of Olie's barn. Olies been a blastin' away at that thing with his shotgun. He's shot the top right off the roof. With every blast that thing would shoot straight up in the air go right 'round an' 'round in circles an' screech an' scream. He sent for some of them college boys to see if they know what that critter is.

Thanks again

—Peter.



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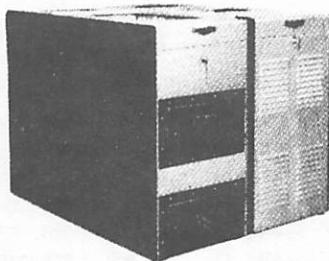
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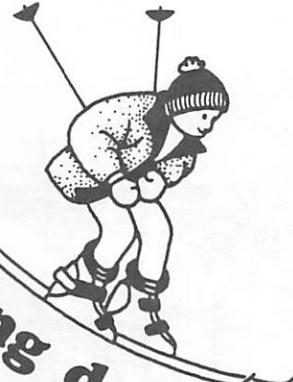


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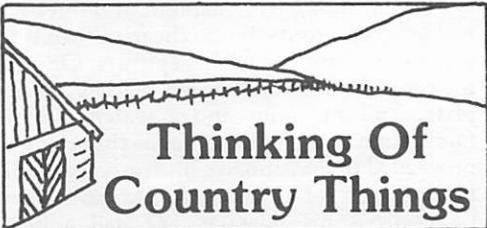


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Beginning on page 25 you will find "BitterSweet's Christmas Catalogue" offering timeless gifts for today's gift-givers. Items are available at your local stores along with additional catalogue copies should you need them.



Thinking Of Country Things

by John Meader

CHARACTER(S)

As a teenager in New Hampshire, I worked in the woods some with Bushelhead Tuttle. His real name was Merlin, but he got called Bushelhead—or Bush—by reason of the size of his skull.

He drove a team of buckskins which he'd trained to stop when he said, "Giddup," and to start when he said, "Whoa." This was intended, he said, to prevent anyone from fooling with his horses. Personally and not to contradict Bush willfully, I think this arrangement appealed somewhat to him for its sheer peculiarity.

Bush had trained his horses to other tricks. If Bush wanted the logging scot pulled alongside a log by just a bit and as more, he'd say to the lead-horse, "Jack, give me an inch." And Jack and his harnessmate, accordingly, would take one, and only one, step forward.

Bush's disregard for the expected extended beyond his horses. On one occasion he bought a pickup truck from a local contractor. On the doors were the words, "General Bulldozing and Backhoe Work," and doubtless a telephone number. Bush painted most of this out, to let remain the words, "General Bull." To further add to the amusement, a stranger stopped at the local garage, saw the truck, and remarked that he didn't know there were any generals living in New Hampshire.

I got to thinking about character(s) earlier this fall when I was spreading lime by hand on a new piece of ground. I'd gone through a dozen or so eighty-pound bags, so I paused to count what remained, figuring with relief that I must be about half done. I counted past fifteen, past twenty, past thirty, before I fell to the fact that I'd set myself up to spread not one ton of lime, but two. Oh well, I said, it builds character.

Is there something that builds character(s)? To come at the question

somewhat indirectly, I remember a conversation I had with a Californian, a man in his sixties. I'd said that California seemed to have a disproportionate census of odd-types. His response was that New England had more, but they didn't stick out so much; they were more or less accepted and more or less fit in. At the time I wasn't quick to endorse this view; it made all Yankees sound a little strange. But on the other hand, this man had years of viewing and thinking to go on, so I couldn't simply reject his opinion outright.

Perhaps Maine and California share something that conduces character(s). I'd submit, only as a theory mind you, that what is shared is exposure to extremes. In California the extremes are ones of culture, meaning everything's constantly changing; people migrating in, people moving on out. Strange religious sects spring up like mushrooms on a misty morning, and disappear as quickly. A friend of mine went to California, set himself up in a canyon, and proclaimed himself the New Messiah. Now he's back in the Bronx living on welfare with his wife, named Tree, and a daughter named Leaf (I think).

In Maine, the extremes are more ones of situation. There's climate, to start with. The thermometer outside the house has registered 100°F and -35°F. There's geography. It's a cliche, but we're at the end of the line, so far as the U.S. is concerned (excluding Alaska, another well-known breeding ground for character(s).) Moreover, Maine is at a kind of extreme when it comes to making a living. Logging, farming and fishing are hard, hard ways to make a dollar.

If this theory about exposure and extremes has any validity, then I should be able to predict certain conditions, or situations, where character(s) tend to preponderate. (Scientific theories are judged by their predictive powers. Not to glorify my notions of science, of course.)

One place where there's plenty of exposure to extremes is down on the coast—lobstering, dragging, digging clams or worms—it doesn't matter which. And I have yet to meet a lobsterman over forty, meaning one who's been at it for a good number of years, who is not a character. The younger fishermen are young Arabs, pure and simple, but character hangs on the older ones like barnacles.

There was Bill I. for instance. He was called Bill I. to distinguish him from another Bill of the same last name who was called Bill Hen, to distinguish him from Bill I. Bill I. possessed a mynah bird who (or which) imitated Bill's downeast accent to perfection. The mynah bird's conversation was limited to "Pretty Boy," and "What's the matter?" and "Want to go out?." After listening to these utterances thirty or forty times, you'd think plenty was the matter and you certainly did want to go out.

Bill I.'s boat was *The Enigma*. She was rather round-bottomed and rolled like a bowling ball. Out of it, Bill fished 400 traps, 200 of which he'd pull one day, and 200 the next. While the rest of us were tearing around, moving traps in or out, up or down, into the green-hair out onto hard bottom, in an effort to follow the supposed traversings of the canny crustacean, Bill just hauled his string aboard and once it was up, simply shoved it back off the rail. Some of us secretly suspected Bill was smarter than the rest of us, but we couldn't admit it. It would take the art out of lobstering.

"... you live long enough, you get exposed to enough things,
and after a while you as a person get more pronounced.
You get a few knobs . . ."

Working a fire-tower is another occupation where there are plenty of extremes. I once visited a warden who'd been up on his mountain all summer long without a break. He smelled like a bear must after a winter's sleep. He was a bit offish about company, but after a while he loosened up. He pointed out a low place on the mountainside where the swamp-maples had already turned red and said, "That's where they land the flying saucer every night."

Another thing, I think, which produces character(s) is age, or experience. Here we come a little closer perhaps to what character really means; you live long enough, you get exposed to enough things, and after a while you as a person get more pronounced. You get a few knobs, as it were.

If I'm right in thinking this, then Yankees with some years upon their persons ought to exhibit a bit of . . . I don't want to say oddity, so I shall call it *emphasis* and hope I'm understood.

I lived for several months with an elderly couple. He was a scientist, and could at times

get lost in thought. One night at dinner we had brussel sprouts. It was the man's wont to spread mayonnaise on his sprouts. On this occasion, he'd placed a used tea-bag on his plate, and his wife and I watched with fascination and a little horror as the scientist proceeded to mayonnaise his tea-bag as well. He did go so far as to cut the tea-bag before he realized his mistake. We had a little embarrassed laugh together. Later that evening, the wife came up to me as I was reading the newspaper. She appeared seriously concerned about something. "John," she said, "what are we going to do? George didn't eat his tea-bag!"

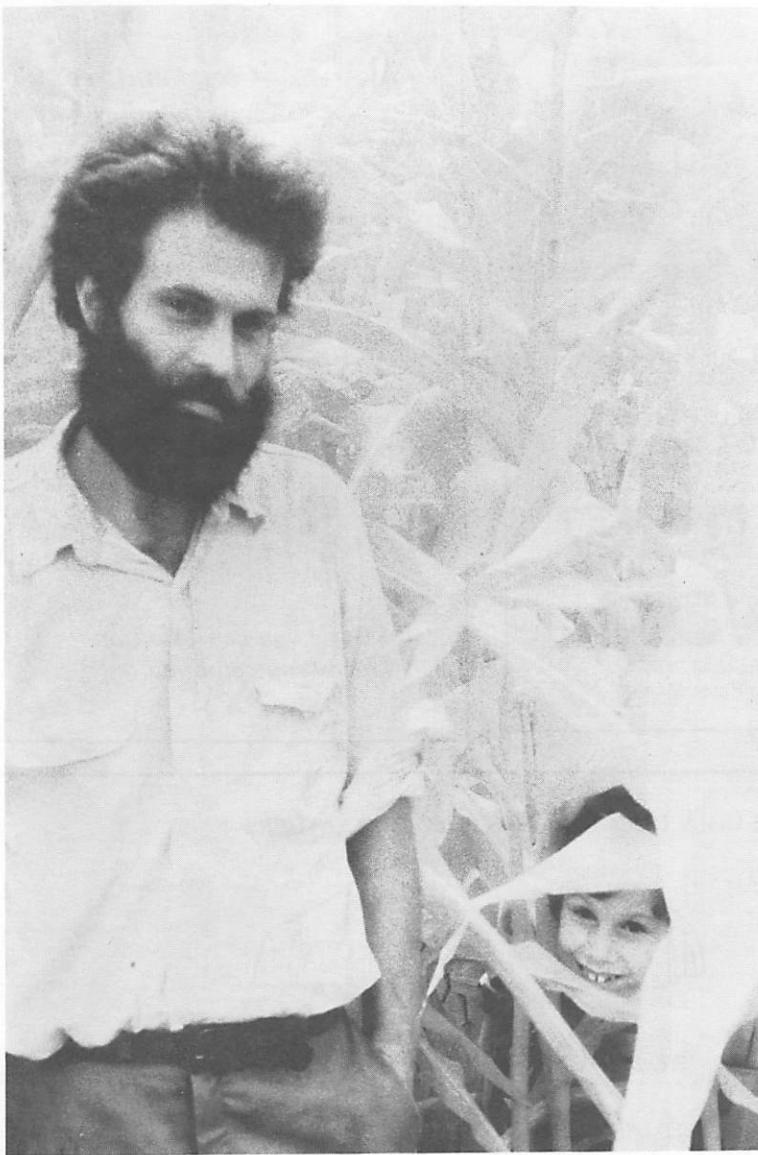
They were having a fireplace installed and consequently some of the associated paraphernalia was kicking around. One day a stranger came to visit and the elderly lady saw the stranger eyeing a poker. "That's the poker," the lady explained, deadpan, "that George uses to beat me." When asked once the color of her eyes, she said they were green with bright red circles around them.

One much-beloved elderly relative of mine gave me a book when I was perhaps five

years old and made me promise never to bite my fingernails. Her sister-in-law, also much beloved, made me promise I'd never become a missionary to foreign lands. She said there was trouble enough at home. She's right. I've kept both promises.

One of them told me about an uncle of hers who went to stay with his brother-in-law. The brother-in-law was a devout churchgoer and was forever after the other, who wasn't, to come along to church on Sundays. This constant harping on this one theme eventually became intolerable. One Sunday when he left home alone, the uncle got into the workings of the brother-in-law's prized grandfather clock and, when the family came home and sat down to dinner, the clock began to strike and just kept on striking. After that the uncle was left to work out his salvation as he saw fit.

Having come this far with my theory, I think there's something else that can be concluded about character. Character is a kind of adaptive device. It helps one survive by permitting one to deal with, and even be



*Meader
and nephew Jared Jenisch*

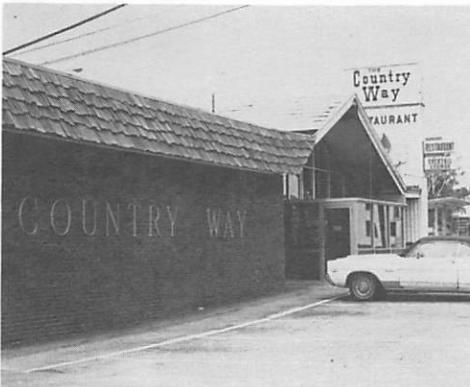
casual about circumstances that might seem pretty tough to someone less exposed or experienced.

For instance, I remember fishing with Bill Hen in a November sleet squall and Bill Hen belting me on the shoulder and hollering, "We don't care, do we, Uncle Joe?" into the teeth of the wind that was whipping down all the way from Mt. Washington. And then there was the old farmer up the road who was trying to fatten up a pig on drop-apples, having nothing else to give it. "Don't know

as it's gained any weight," he said, "but it looks, I think, a little older around the eyes."

Which is how we'll look, too, if my theory is right and if we stay in Maine and live through the experience long enough to live through it—older around the eyes and with knobs on. □

John Meader is a farmer and a writer living in Buckfield with his wife Pat.



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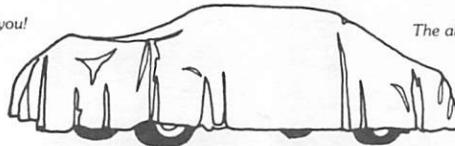
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There's more to Maine than rockbound coasts and lobster fishermen... like the rolling hills and crystal-clear lakes around Oxford County, for instance, where the Indian Princess Mollyocket once roamed administering ancient remedies to those in need and where modern-day wanderers come in search of their own special brand of solace: hiking, skiing, and snowmobiling the magnificent hills; swimming, fishing, and boating the lakes and streams. Maine is a way of life. And **BitterSweet** is a part of it, capturing the area's special character in articles on historical happenings, old time crafts and people—past and present.

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You don't say

Dr. Peter Brooks was one of the first settlers on Pigeon Hill which now encompasses the towns of Oxford and Mechanic Falls. He was known as the "Indian Doctor," and came with other settlers from Plympton, Massachusetts.

Dr. Brooks' practice of medicine was unique in that he extracted the oil from rattlesnake venom and concocted a remedy which he used on his patients. Apparently there is no record of how the rattlesnake venom was used as a cure, or for what particular ailment it was prescribed.

Dr. Brooks came by his death from inhaling the poison from the fangs of the rattlesnakes which he gathered on Rattlesnake Mountain in Raymond, Maine, during the winter months. Maybe his experimental remedy put Dr. Brooks out of business before he had an opportunity to test the snake oil on his patients.

Many folks find it difficult to believe that rattlesnakes actually slithered about on the rocky hills of Raymond. But Dr. Peter Brooks knew. After all, that's how Rattlesnake Mountain got its name. □

Russ Penney

Can You Place It?



Last month's **Can You Place It** was Frye's Leap Rock in Sebago Lake, during the first part of this century.

The Shepherds Harris

by Jerry Genesio

After more than a half century together tending to parishioners and patients, the team of Ella and Pierson Harris now calls Sweden home.



The Harrises

In 1897-98 William McKinley was serving his first term as the ill-fated 25th President of the United States, inching his way ever closer to the assassin's bullet that would strike him down in Buffalo, New York, during his second term. The U. S. battleship *Maine* was inexplicably exploded in a harbor off Havana, Cuba—leading, two months later, to the Spanish-American War. Hawaii was annexed to the U. S. just as, within the previous decade, North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah had been admitted to the Union. Still missing from the blue and white field on our flag were the stars that would, after the turn of the century, represent Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona.

Africa was still very much the "Dark Continent." Only ten years earlier the National Standard Encyclopedia, published

in New York, noted that "Central Africa is almost totally unknown to Europeans, but is at present being rapidly explored by parties under Stanley and others."

It was an interesting and exciting time. Memories of a Civil War in this country were growing dim, and the west had just been won. Mechanical invention and scientific discovery were in their infancy. Those who might shed light and save lives were desperately needed. It was into this time that two people were born who would spend their lives together shedding the needed light (through the Bible) and saving human lives (through medicine).

On April 25, 1897, Ella Margaret Freas was born in Trenton, New Jersey. By 1919 she had graduated from Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts, and her country was at war. Physicians were

urgently needed but women had not yet won the right to vote, let alone the privilege of aspiring toward careers as medical doctors. Social mores did not dissuade Miss Freas, however, and when the freshman class of medical students answered its first roll call that year at the University of Pennsylvania, Miss Ella Freas was one of the six women in a class of 130 students present and accounted for.

Was she considered somewhat of a radical at the time?

Ella: "Yes and no. As far as Penn goes, yes we were rarities and the professors would make snide remarks."

That fact notwithstanding, Ella insists, typically, that the professors were "wonderful" and caused the women no real difficulties. It was true, however, that women were not encouraged to become physicians. For many years, only one or two females per year were accepted as medical students at Penn. In 1923 Ella graduated from the University, receiving her M.D., and immediately began her internship at Women's Hospital in Philadelphia.

Much earlier, on December 3, 1898, when Ella was but 19 months old, the man who would be her husband and companion for over a half century—Pierson Penrose Harris—was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Raised during the same tense and war-ravaged years, Pierson recognized humanity's need for guidance and by the time he had graduated from Pennsylvania's Haverford College in 1920, he knew the course he was compelled to follow. In 1923, while Ella Freas was receiving sanction to mend and care for human bodies, Pierson Harris was being ordained to cultivate and enrich human souls. A Bachelor of Divinity degree was bestowed upon him by New York City's Union Theological Seminary and he immediately accepted the position of Assistant Minister at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in Manhattan. By 1925 he had earned the degree of Master of Sacred Theology.

The next year Pierson was offered an opportunity to be closer to his family and he became Associate Minister at Overbrook Presbyterian Church, Overbrook, Pa. which was just around the corner from his parents' home. He and Ella were following merging paths. A year later Rev. Pierson Harris was

asked to be an usher at a wedding in Philadelphia. Dr. Ella Freas was the bride's maid.

Ella: "We were the only single people in the bridal party. They were all either married or engaged so naturally we were thrown together. Three weeks later we were practically engaged. It was one of those whirlwind things."

As fate would have it, Pierson had already made arrangements to spend the month of July, 1927, in England, and Ella was to leave for Africa in August, where she planned to serve as a medical missionary.

Ella: "We were engaged for eleven months and out of that time we were nine months apart. I left the morning after Pierson returned from England. My brother was in the Belgian Congo. He was a medical missionary all of his life and I was planning to be, but Pierson interfered with that."

Pierson: "From August of '27 to February of '28 we relied on letters, and it took three weeks for those letters to be delivered."

Ella: "My brother had gone to the Congo three years earlier. He was a surgeon and trained natives to assist him during operations. The problem was I couldn't speak the Congo language and the native assistants couldn't speak English. The natives were amazing, they performed their duties beautifully. The anesthesia was ether and nitrous oxide (laughing gas), a combination was used in those days, but in the Congo they used mostly ether because the nitrous oxide equipment wasn't available. The little hospital had a dirt floor and a tin roof. Surprisingly there were very few infections. This was in Banzamanteke in the Belgian Congo." (now the country of Zaire, having been granted independence from Belgium June 30, 1960.)

Ella returned to the U.S. in February of 1928. In April she and Pierson were married. In November of that year Rev. Pierson Harris was called to serve in his first pastorate at the Stanley Congregational Church, Chatham, New Jersey, where he and his family remained for nine years. (During this period their three sons were born—Pierson, Jr., Feb., 1929; James Malcolm, Nov., 1930; and Daniel, Aug., 1934.) Instead of setting up a practice at Chatham, Ella set up a family.

Ella: "It was interesting because Pierson said I should continue with my medicine but I didn't feel that I could. I preferred obstetrics to anything else but I couldn't be called out at all times of the night with my husband bearing the responsibilities of a minister and my having children so I took several years off, though I continued to study medically and attend meetings. We had an excellent pediatrician in Chatham who was awfully over-worked and occasionally I took care of some of his patients, without pay. Especially those who were members of our church. That way I stayed in touch with my profession but I wasn't what you would call active during this time."

Pierson was called to the Central Church, Worcester, Massachusetts, next. It was there that the Harrises first heard of Sweden, Maine.

Pierson: "We used to go camping in a pine grove at Center Harbor, New Hampshire until the hurricane of '38 swept through and destroyed the grove. After camping through one particular eight-day period of continuous rain, I decided we would try to spend our next vacation under a roof that didn't leak. I discussed the situation with a minister friend of mine and he discussed it with a minister friend of his who owned property in Maine. It was suggested I should inquire about the Perry Place in Sweden, Maine. I said, 'Where in the world is Sweden, Maine and

what is the Perry place?'"

The following October, after visiting what was left of the old pine grove in New Hampshire, the Harrises went to Sweden and saw the tumbled-down shack that was the Perry Place.

Pierson: "Ella said, 'Well! I don't suppose we'll ever be back here again.' I just bided my time because I had fallen in love with the view, the mountains, and everything outlined in October colors."

It took some coaxing but Ella was persuaded to take "one more look" in January of 1939. The Harrises agreed to rent the place for their coming summer's vacation with an option to buy.

Pierson: "After three weeks I made up my mind."

Ella: "And he made up *my* mind. It will be 40 years next summer. It's been an ideal place for the children. We've always lived in parsonages and we moved several times. They didn't have that feeling of belonging in the same sense that most children do if they stay in one place. As a result, this is home."

In 1943, after seven years in Worcester, Pierson accepted a pastorate at the Highland Congregational Church, Orange, New Jersey. Then, four years later, he decided to try teaching and became Assistant Professor of English at Upsala College, East Orange, where he remained for four more years. During World War II the doctor shortage once again wedged its way into Ella's life and she was asked by the owner of a girl's summer camp across the pond from the Perry Place in Sweden if she would be the camp physician. Of course, she accepted.

Ella: "We had no phone at the time so the camp girl who played the bugle had a special call that we could hear across Keyes Pond if the wind was right. Pierson, Jr. played the trumpet and he would signal that I was on my way. If she didn't hear his response, a car was sent for me. There was a gas shortage, because of the war, so I rowed over whenever possible. They called my rowboat the 'Doctor's Buggy.'"

From 1945 to 1952, while Pierson was preaching and teaching in and around Orange, New Jersey, Ella was Assistant Professor of Medical Education at New York University. She also collaborated with a psychologist on a text book in Health Counseling.

Still another war came, in Korea, and Pierson submitted to old influences. He grew homesick for the ministry and took his family to Scranton, Pennsylvania, where he assumed the pastorate of the newly-formed Trinity Congregational Church, a merger of three other churches. Then, two years later, there was a double calling to a perfect team. The only church in Harford, Pennsylvania had no pastor, and Harford had no doctor. The closest drugstore was 15 miles away, and the closest hospital 35 miles.

Ella: "I had drug company salesmen come in so I could dispense my own medicine."

Pierson: "She had so many desperately poor patients who lived on farms and while they had ample food, they had no money. She charged \$1 for office calls when other physicians were charging \$5. Of

course, for house calls she had to charge more, usually \$2. She would re-package drug company samples in little bottles and hand them out as part of the \$1 or \$2 charge so they wouldn't view it as charity. They were poor but proud people and Ella didn't want them to think they couldn't buy their own medicine."

Ella:

"Harford was the most ideal doctor-minister situation so far as using our skills together was concerned. It was wonderful. We were 'Harford 1' on the telephone exchange. The local switchboard operator answered all of my calls when I was out, day and night, and would tell the caller, 'The Doctor just went to such-and-such a house, just a minute and I'll ring her for you.' There were times when the team worked wonderfully. I remember one case, a suicide. A farmer shot himself in the barn at six in the morning. Pierson went up and comforted the farmer's wife while I did all the necessary things medically and contacted the police. To me this is a wonderful partnership. Sometimes there'd be snow and ice and I'd have to drive 10 or 15 miles into the country. The farmers would meet me with their jeeps because my car couldn't get up the icy hills. Usually when I was out at night, I wouldn't let Pierson go. He had to work in the daytime."

With a distant air, Ella relived one exception to that rule.

Ella:

"One night we received a call. We'd had a heavy ice storm. Pierson wouldn't let me go alone that night. We followed what we thought were the proper directions and took the first right beyond a particular gas station and it landed us in a field. How we ever got out I don't know. We just skidded around until we finally got back to the main road. We finally got near the farmhouse and there was a hill so

HUMANITY

Out	where	the	Stove
refuses			
to reach,			
ice forms			
& Winter's glass eyes	reflect		
	eternity —		
	Skeleton figures		
	huddle		
next to the remains			
of an ancient fire/life/smoldering			
into			
a hollow			
hollow			
	sky . . .		
& Shepherds	lost		
still			
	search		
for their flocks.			

Dana Lowell
Buckfield

steep down to it that if we'd ever gone down we'd never have gotten back up because of the ice, so Pierson stopped the car. I got out, sat down on the icy road and, with my medical bag in hand, slid all the way to the bottom. It was an acute gall bladder case so I called the Scranton ambulance. Because it was so much heavier, the ambulance managed to negotiate the hill, but I had to crawl all the way back up on my hands and knees."

Soon, Pierson and Ella, who were now well into their fifties, realized they virtually never saw one another. They were both in and out, night and day, on pastoral and medical calls, office house, church services and functions, meetings. They made a decision.

Gibbons, the friend who introduced the Harrises to Sweden, Maine, accepted the call to reorganize the Sweden Community Church. Both continue to participate in the services.

Ella's medical career began long before women were even passively accepted in the medical profession. She served in Africa when not even the colonial rulers of that continent and time had any knowledge of what gainful or baneful secrets might yet be discovered there. Ella served many communities during her unusual and outstanding professional life. Though the only private practice she ever established was at Harford, Pa. where she was elected President of the Susquehanna County Medical Association, for many years she served the psychologically afflicted and institutionalized at Worcester and Foxboro State Hospitals in Massachusetts, Trenton

"There were times when the team worked wonderfully. I remember one case, a suicide. A farmer shot himself in the barn at six in the morning. Pierson went up and comforted the farmer's wife while I did all the necessary things medically and contacted the police. To me this is a wonderful partnership."

Pierson: "I wanted to go near Boston. I supposed it would be my last pastorate and I'd be close to our home in Maine. When I received a Pastoral call to the First Parish United Church in Westwood, Massachusetts, we went."

His pleasure is obvious when he recalls Westwood.

Pierson: "I had a wonderful time there. I was as happy there as I was in my first Pastorate in Chatham, N.J. where all the children were born."

But in 1964 Pierson was stricken with a heart attack that ended his preaching and necessitated retirement. The Westwood Church membership made him Pastor Emeritus.

Pierson's full-time, active ministerial experience spanned 40 years during which he served at eight different churches, pausing only to try his hand at college teaching during a short four-year interlude. Following his retirement, he and Rev. Ray

State Hospital in New Jersey, and Clark Summit State Hospital in Pennsylvania. Somehow time was also found to teach health counseling at the college level for seven years.

Today, their eldest son, Pierson, Jr., after 18 years with the NASA project in Philadelphia, is a research technical writer in Melo Park, California. Their youngest son, Daniel, holds a doctorate in astrophysics in British Columbia. James Malcolm, who was a high school physics teacher, died in 1955 of nephritis, an inflammation of the kidney, at age 25.

Asked to sum up their distinguished lives together as shepherds charged with both the physical and spiritual well-being of their flocks, the Harrises are enthusiastic.

Ella: "The partnership worked well because often Pierson would discover a person really needed medical advice, or I would feel a patient needed spiritual guidance and we'd refer these people

to each other, but always with the understanding that we would never repeat, without permission, even to each other, what a person had confided in either of us. We never even asked. It's been thrilling because we've had so many different experiences. Medicine is a service occupation just as the ministry and no matter where you are you can contribute."

Pierson: "It really was a joint ministry. We both had a permissive attitude toward each other and respected each other's professional interests."

To those attempting similar careers they offer encouragement.

Pierson: "I have had my share of hard knocks over the years. Nevertheless, had I my life to live over I should unhesitatingly choose the same vocation—the parish ministry. Its satisfactions far outweigh its hardships."

Ella: "First of all (a young woman starting out as a physician) must be true to herself. For me, medicine was, and is, the profession where I could best serve. I would stress the world 'serve' because, to me, no matter what the profession, if it is only a means of making a living, it will prove a futile thing. Medicine is a profession of many successes in research, in therapeutics, and in human relations, but there are also failures and many areas of too little knowledge which are challenging us. Most of all I would urge her to develop the ability to listen, to see beyond the patient's physical or mental illness to the individual she is trying to help. I would add two words of advice, 'Keep growing!'"

To a young couple considering sharing their lives together they urge understanding.

Pierson: "Be true to your initial dreams and vows and keeping clear the singleminded motive of human service, be equal in your deference to each other as you remain

aware of your shared responsibilities. Always there is a flying goal beyond your reach for His sake."

Ella:

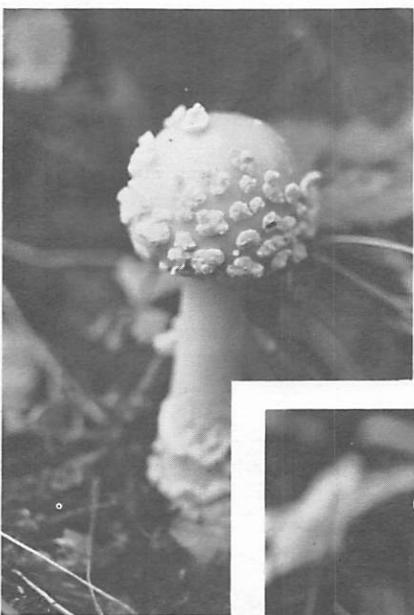
"My advice for each would be to become part of a team. Each has his or her own profession with its constant demands, but many times and in many ways they will overlap. Each of the team must have an understanding of the other's profession but, above all, each must be willing to meet the challenge of change. A married woman physician with a family and also the privilege of being a 'minister's wife' cannot always achieve all that she would wish in her profession, but the willingness to accept change and even to alter goals at times will result in a deep and joyous relationship." □

Genesio is a free-lance writer living in Sweden.



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Photos by

Tom Stockwell

Mushrooms



Recollections



Hunters, left to right: Russell McAllister, Eino Kangas, Glen Yates, Seymour

On The Trail of Whitetails

"... I tracked him to within thirty feet of my truck have always maintained that lots of people shoot deer,

Money wasn't plentiful back in 1936, so I jumped at the chance to make Christmas wreaths for the farmer's market. All the material I needed was free for the taking in the woods and fields. I used milk weed pods, pine cones, and grasses dipped in gold and silver paint. I cut cardboard circles, cut out the center and wound it with twine. Then I worked fir branches under the twine until I filled in the area to form a pretty thick circle of fir. The wreaths



McAllister, Perley Dudley, Sidney Ring, and Homer Farinum, in 1937

by Lucretia Douglas

**where he fell, all four feet in the air. Since then, I
but not many get them to walk back to their car."**

brought one or two dollars each. That was a lot of money then. Making them took a lot of fir and pine cones and that's how I came to get my first deer. There were a lot of fir trees growing behind my mother's house. She lived "up on the Ridge" and down about a half mile was a pond known as Brown's Pond with a thick evergreen growth all around it.

So I drove my old '32 V-8 Ford up to my mother's, took a grain sack in one hand and,

carrying my little 25-20 Winchester, I went down toward the pond and started picking up pine cones.

A big pine had rotted and fallen across the path. On one side was a whole bunch of cones still stuck to some of the branches. I straddled the log and, just as I was about to swing over it, I heard a little noise. A young spike-horn buck came out of the hardwood and started trotting parallel to where I was standing.

My heart was pounding in my throat as I carefully dropped my sack. I cocked my rifle and shot, still straddling the log. The buck gave a little jump and took off running. I cussed myself soundly for missing my first deer, put the safety back on my rifle, and finished picking up the bag of cones.

I started back up the path. It was then I heard a little crashing noise and saw the blood across the path. I put my sack down and crept toward the sound. The buck was on the ground and unable to get up. He raised his head and looked at me and I thought I would die. "I have to finish him quick," I thought. I stepped as close to him as I dared and fired at his head. I missed. I was shaking so badly it took three tries to finish him. I tried to stick him, but I botched the job pretty badly. Then I was sick. Afterwards I stood and wondered what to do. He was in thick bushes. I tried to drag him by his rear legs but couldn't budge him. So I hung my red hat on the bush above him, found my way back to the path and ran for home.

It was nearly dark when I got my dad to go back with me to get him. Of course, Dad had to dress him out, and then he told me, "You never drag a deer by his rear legs but by his head or neck so you aren't dragging against his hair." Dad laughed when he saw my hat. "All we had to do was follow the blood trail," he said. I'll never forget that night, carrying my bag of cones and the lantern so my father could drag out my deer; or my mother's incredulous, "Why, she really shot a deer," when she saw him.

Since that day I have shot seventeen more. I lost three completely before I changed my rifle to a 38-55. The 25-20 had good shocking power but too small a caliber. It left such a small blood trail it was hard to follow the animals.

The largest deer I have tagged so far is a six point buck that weighed 170 pounds. My twelve-year-old son and I started to walk from our home to my father's. There were

about ten inches of snow on the ground, but in those days a walk of four or five miles didn't bother me.

When we got to within a quarter of a mile of Dad's, Abe was so tired he decided to go down the road while I cut across a field to come out below. There were some men using a power saw off to the left and when I climbed a steep bank by the brook, there the buck stood. I believe he was listening to the saw. He was off almost a hundred yards, back to and down hill from me. He would swing his head from side to side. I froze, and not until he put his head down did I try to raise my rifle. I cocked it as quietly as I could and when he looked away from me, I aimed at the back of his head and fired. He went down like he had been poleaxed.

I couldn't see him. I jacked another shell into my gun and started toward him as fast as I could walk. Suddenly I saw him get up. I fired again. That time he jumped in the air and started spinning around and around, kicking up branches of leaves and mud—some of which landed up in the surrounding trees.

Every time I saw some part of him, I fired. The sight of his horns made me so wild with anticipation I hardly knew what I was doing. Finally, he lay still.

I approached him cautiously, picked up a stick and hit him on the head. He didn't move, so I cut his throat. But I was so excited, I started to drag him down the bank until I came up short against a stump and realized I hadn't dressed him out.

The first shot I fired had just creased him between his horns. It had only stunned him. Later, we also found two shells I had jacked out that hadn't been fired.

One year, the last day of the season came, and none of us had a deer. The boys had to go to school, my husband was working, and I was the only one left to make a final try. There was about a foot of snow on the ground. I decided to try a different place—the south cant of Hog Fat Hill. There were old logging roads through the hardwood growth and patches of junipers. I hunted all day with no luck. I heard the school bus so I knew I might as well go home. The deer tracks in the area were all old.

I stood trying to figure out the nearest way to the main road. I was on a small knoll, surrounded by small, rolling, juniper-covered hills. To the east was a strand of hardwood that I had just hunted through.

Suddenly, without a sound, three deer bounded out of the trees and started across the knoll in front of me. There was a gully between us filled with blow-downs. I had just five shells in my gun, because the magazine had a dent in it and I could only put in four shells and one in the barrel. Every time I saw a deer leap I fired at it. Then they all three turned and ran directly away from me. I had just one bullet left—I shot at a deer running back-to from me, something I had never done before; but this was my last chance. She kept running with her tail up. I reloaded my rifle and crossed the gully until I picked up their tracks. There was not a sign of blood or hair on the snow. I started to cry in frustration as I followed the tracks for a few yards. No blood—nothing. Then suddenly I saw a small dragging mark beside one set of tracks. I climbed up a blow-down, and nearly fell off the other side when I saw a big doe lying motionless, not fifty yards away. I watched her, rifle ready, for several minutes, but she didn't move except to twitch just a little. She didn't start to bleed until just a few feet from where she fell. When I dressed her I found the bullet had gone in about two inches below her anus and had traveled the whole length of her insides but hadn't come out. The bullet hadn't mushroomed—it looked as if it had been taken directly from the shell.

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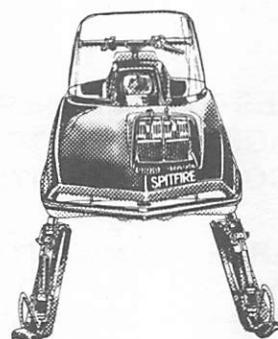
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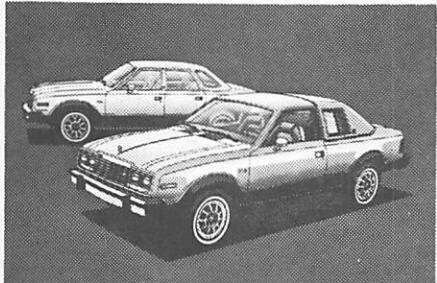
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By then it was getting dusky and I knew I had a long drag, so I started trying to haul her through the snow. I hadn't gone far when I saw my oldest boy running toward me, his face wreathed in a smile. "Gee, Ma," he said, "I knew it was you when I peeked under that pine and saw my socks dragging that deer." The socks he referred to were a pair of red, green, and yellow striped ones that likes of which I've never seen before or since.

Over the years I hope I have learned a lot about deer hunting, but one thing is sure. There's always more to learn. For instance, I now know that if a deer is looking at you, you don't move—in fact, you don't breathe until he looks away or puts his head down. It's a good idea to try to take the safety off your rifle noiselessly and be ready to aim and fire before he looks at you again. One quick move and the animal is gone in a flash if he is looking at you.

Five different years I shot my deer the last day of the season. Folks even accused me of planning it that way. One of those days it was so cold that my teeth were chattering and I knew it was hopeless to hunt so I started home. I met my husband coming back up over the mountain and he said, "I've got a thermos of hot tea and I guess we'd better drink it now." That stopped my shivering but I was too cold to want to hunt any more. He said, "O.K., we'll head home about a hundred yards apart."

Somehow I got on the wrong side of him and ended up walking along the brook. The sun was starting to set and its last rays lit up what looked like a big dark gray log in some raspberry bushes on the other side of the brook. It didn't look right for a log. As I watched, it moved a little. I couldn't see either the head or the tail, only the middle. I waited. The light seemed to be getting dim but I still couldn't make out whether it was a deer or a moose. I couldn't believe it was a deer that big. I decided to try and see by the tree beside me if he had a white tail. The instant I moved my head, he jumped. I had my rifle cocked and ready but things happened so fast I only shaved some hair off his rump. I was made because I had my rifle on his fore shoulder and could have shot him so easily if I had been sure he was a deer, that when a doe jumped up I dropped her with one shot in the neck. More than 125 yards, in a dim light—it was the best shot I ever made.

He was the biggest deer I ever saw—his tracks were enormous—but I'm still glad

that I didn't shoot until I was sure of my target. She probably wound up being better eating anyway.

One other time I left my truck at the foot of Decker Mountain and climbed up beside the ledge. I could hear men shouting and shooting in the distance and decided I might as well sit down on the big rock and eat my lunch since I figured there probably wasn't a deer within ten miles. I laid my rifle across my knees, opened a can of sardines and ate them with a biscuit.

Just as I was digging the last one out of the tin, I heard a little noise directly behind me. Turning my head very slowly, I saw a spike-horn walking right toward me. Watching him carefully, I put the sardine tin on the rock, retrieved my gun and cocked it, moving only when he looked elsewhere. I held my breath when he circled the rock and came out about fifty feet below me.

I had the rifle ready and when I saw a hair on the sights (I use a peepsight), I pulled the trigger. He jumped and ran. I waited a while and then set off on the blood trail. Can you imagine my surprise when I tracked him to within thirty feet of my truck where he fell, all four feet in the air. Since then I have always maintained that lots of people can shoot deer, but not many get them to walk back to their car.

My daughter Diana shot her first buck two years ago, practically in the door yard. I had gone after a load of grain and just as I pulled into the yard, I heard two shots right across the road from the house. Just then my little granddaughter rushed out of the house shouting, "Grammy—Mama went out there.

Is that her shooting?"

I took my rifle from the truck, crossed the road, loaded my gun and started across the ice pond dam.

Just then, Diana came running across the dam. She was reaching in her pockets and yelling, "He's still alive! He's still alive! No more bulletts, no more bulletts!" She started to brush right past me. I don't think she even saw me, in her excitement. I said, "Where are you going?" She yelled, "I have to get more bulletts." I said, "Here, take my rifle, it's all loaded and I've plenty of bulletts."

I had to grab right onto her and turn her around before she quieted down enough to tell me she had a monster buck on the ground who kept trying to get up.

Less than fifty yards from the dam, she had a nine-point, two hundred and ten pound buck down. His head was still up, his eyes glowed like live coals, and when he saw us he lunged in our direction but luckily couldn't quite get up. Diana had to shoot three times before she finally finished him.

Meantime, all our men folk had got up at daylight and gone hunting in "big country," as they call it. I can still see their faces when they returned empty-handed to see the buck hanging in the big maple. It took Diana, me, my nephew, and about three youngsters to accomplish that feat.

I'm still going deer hunting, even though I'm plastered with arthritis and a great-grandmother for the last six years. I can still sit on a stump and wait. □

Mrs. Douglas lives in West Baldwin, where she frequently writes up tales and recipes for us.

Hunters in front of the Howard Burnham house on Main Hill, Bridgton with their 1911 2-cylinder Maxwell car: George Cabot with George O'Berg and an unidentified child



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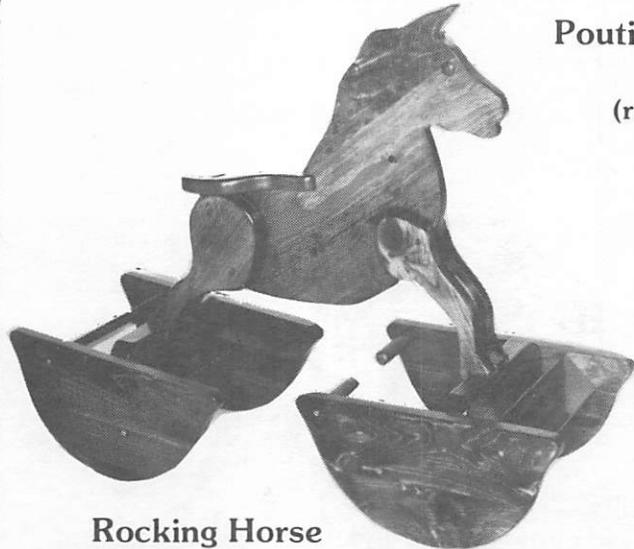


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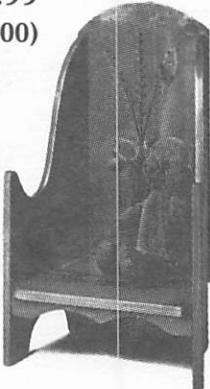
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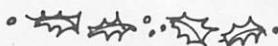
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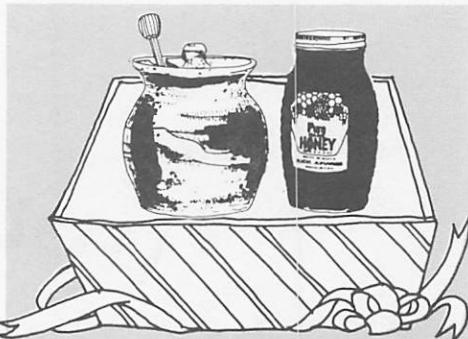
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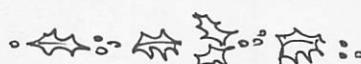


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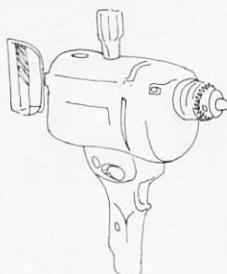
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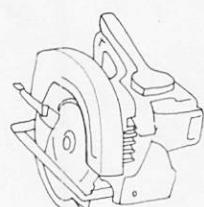
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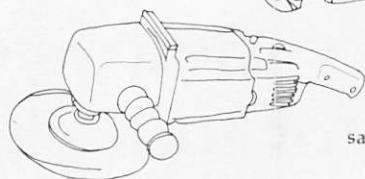
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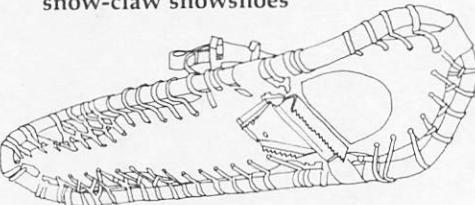
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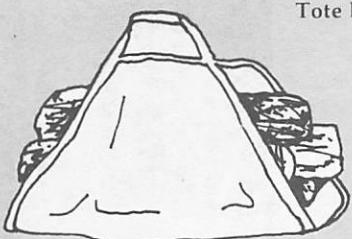
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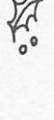


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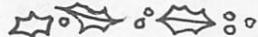


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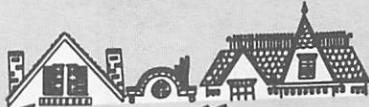
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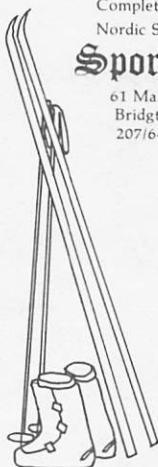
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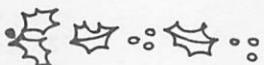


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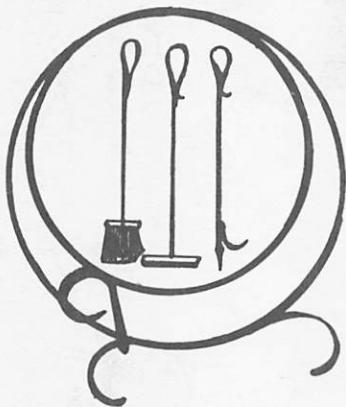
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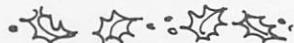
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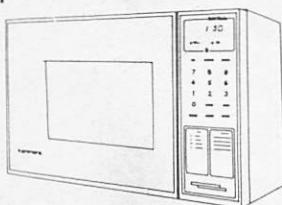


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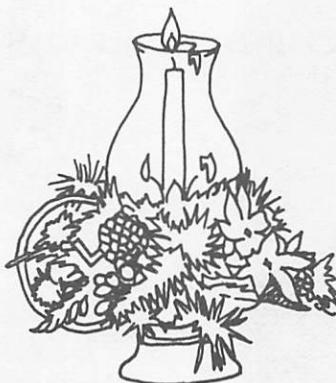
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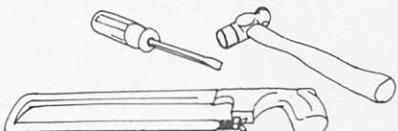


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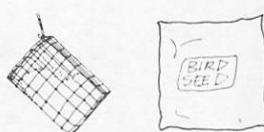
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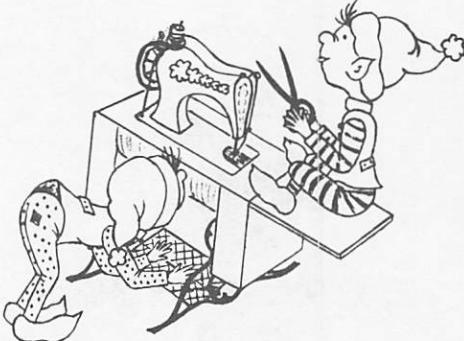
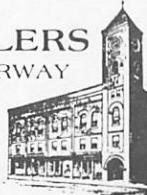
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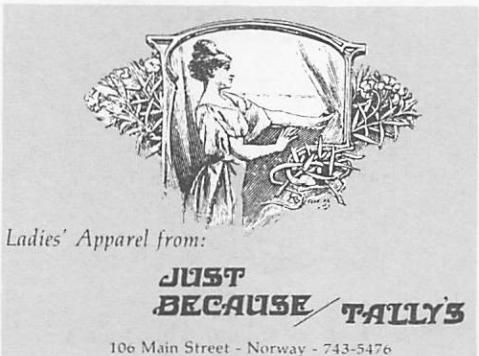
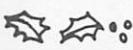
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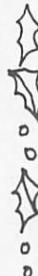
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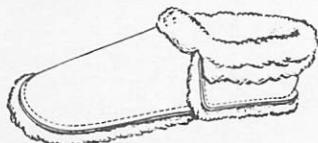


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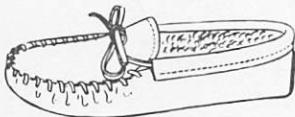
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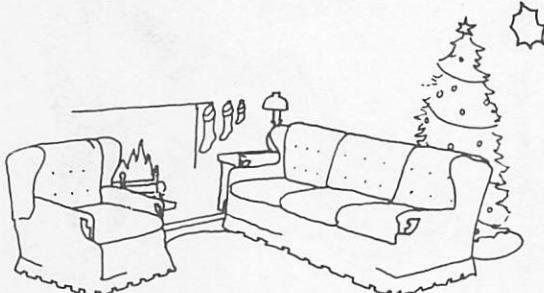
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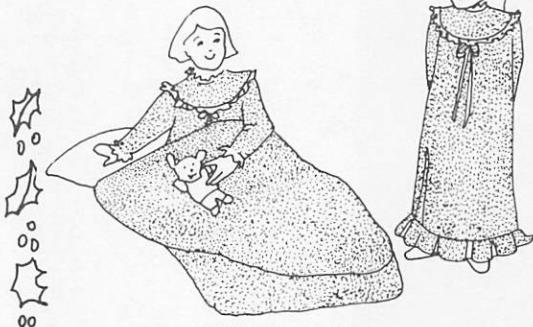
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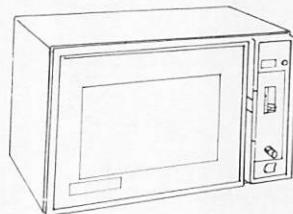
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Wild Game Recipes

Tried and true ways to enjoy this season's hunt—from deer and bear to rabbit and squirrel; from raccoon and woodchuck to grouse and partridge—courtesy of the folks at Button's Buckskins, Oxford.

To prepare large game (deer, bear): bleed, draw, clean and cool immediately. Spread cavity with a stick and hang. Wash out cavity and keep cool. Remove hide and cut and wrap as soon as possible. Store at 0 degrees. If no freezer is available, keep as cold as possible and use as quickly as possible.

HUNTER'S DELIGHT

Cut about 3 lbs. of venison into 2-inch squares. Apply salt and pepper. Put venison into a large skillet or sauce pan along with enough shortening to keep from sticking. When browned slightly, add a finely-chopped onion and let this brown. Then add a very small piece of ham, minced fine, along with a clove of garlic and 2 bay leaves, also minced fine.

Add a pinch of thyme and stir all into venison, letting it brown for another two to three minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle of white wine and simmer for 5 minutes over low heat. Add a quart of water and cook for one hour. Add a half a can of mushrooms, chopped fine, along with the juice of one lemon and cook another $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Serve in a hot dish, garnished with croutons fried in vegetable oil.

VENISON SLOPPY JOES

Place 2 lbs. of ground venison in a skillet with enough shortening to prevent sticking. Chop fine 2 cloves of garlic and a small onion to stir in with the meat. Salt and pepper to taste. Fry until browned slightly. Add one cup of tomato soup and simmer about 15 minutes. Serve on buns.

BEAR STEAKS

To 1 cup of flour add 1 teaspoon each of ginger, allspice, pepper and onion salt. Mix it up and pound it into each side of the steak. Grease a hot skillet with butter, brown each side, and simmer in a covered skillet until done.

WARNING: COOK ALL BEAR MEAT THOROUGHLY

VENISON PIE

1 lb. venison	2 onions, diced
1 slice ham	4 potatoes, diced
1 qt. boiling water	salt and pepper
1 Tbsp. fat	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup catsup
2 carrots, diced.	

Cut meat into small pieces. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, brown well in hot fat. Add onions, cook a few minutes, then add carrots. Sprinkle with flour and stir well. Add water and catsup, simmer until meat is tender. Add potatoes. When done, top with biscuits and bake until brown.

For small game (rabbit, squirrel, raccoon, woodchuck): draw, clean, skin and cool as soon as possible. Remove small scent glands under the forelegs and along the spine in the small of the back. Avoid cutting the glands. Transport in open air; refrigerate at least one day before cooking or freeze for later use.

HASENPFEFFER

1 cup vinegar	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
12 oz. beer	1 large or 2 small
2 lg. onions, sliced	rabbits, cut in
1 Tblsp. mixed pickling	serving pieces
spices	
1 tsp. salt	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
1 Tblsp. sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup fat

Combine vinegar, beer, onions, pickling spices, salt, and pepper, in a large earthenware bowl. Add rabbit pieces. Cover and let stand in refrigerator 1-2 days, turning the meat several times. Dry rabbit pieces with absorbent paper, then dip in flour. Melt fat in a large skillet. Add meat and brown on all sides. Pour off fat. Strain marinade and add it with sugar to meat. Bring liquid to boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer 40 minutes or until tender. If desired, thicken liquid with flour mixed with a little water. Serve meat with sauce and potato dumplings.

To take the game taste out of rabbit: presoak the rabbit in baking soda solution for several hours or overnight. Peel or wipe off membrane before cooking your favorite way.

FRIED RABBIT

After soaking the rabbit in a salt water solution for at least 8 hours—drain off the water and disjoint it. Season with salt, pepper, paprika, and/or your favorite herbs, roll in flour and fry in oil or fat until golden brown. Then cover with thin onion slices, salt again and add 8-10 oz. of sour cream. Simmer in tightly covered pan until tender.

ROASTED RACOON with Sweet Potato Stuffing

1 dressed racoon (4 to 5 lbs.)	3 cups mashed sweet sweet potatoes
4 teaspoons salt	3/4 cup seedless raisins
2 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs	1 3/4 cups peeled diced apples
3 Tblsp. maple syrup	1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
1/4 tsp. pepper	

Remove the waxy nodules (known as "kernels") from under each front leg and on both sides of the spine in the small of the back. Wash meat well and dry. Remove part of the fat, leaving just a thin layer of fat over the entire carcass.

Sprinkle 1 teaspoon salt inside body. Fill with mixture of 2 tsp. salt and remaining ingredients except pepper. Close cavity opening by lacing with string. Fasten extra fat to any lean parts of the body. Sprinkle with remaining salt and pepper. Place on side on greased rack in shallow pan and roast in oven preheat to 325° for 45 minutes per pound. Turn when half done. Serves 6 to 8.

BRUNSWICK STEW: SQUIRREL

3 squirrels, cut in serving pieces	1 cup chopped onion
3 quarts water	2 1-lb. 3 oz. cans tomatoes, drained
1/4 cup diced bacon	2 cups diced potatoes
1/4 teaspoon cayenne	2 cups lima beans, fresh or frozen
2 teaspoons salt	2 cups corn, fresh or frozen
1/4 tsp. black pepper	

Place squirrel pieces in a large kettle. Add water. Bring slowly to boil; reduce heat and simmer 1 1/2 to 2 hours, or until squirrel is tender, skimming surface occasionally. Remove meat from bones and return to liquid. Add bacon, cayenne, salt, pepper, onion, tomatoes, potatoes, and lima beans. Cook one hour. Add corn and continue to cook 10 minutes. Good served with corn bread and coleslaw. Makes 6-8 servings.

WOODCHUCK IN CREAM

Parboil meat until it slips from bones. Remove it and cut into small pieces.

2 hard-cooked eggs	2 Tblsp. butter
1 tsp. prepared mustard	1 tsp. all-purpose flour.
1/2 cup heavy cream	
1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg	

Mash egg yolks and mix with butter, mustard, flour, cream. Add egg whites, coarsely cut. Season with nutmeg. Boil for a minute, stirring constantly. Add meat. Mix well. Simmer 20 minutes.

For Game Birds: pluck, draw, clean and cool as soon as possible. Cut off oil sac at tail base. To avoid tearing skin, dry-pluck while still warm, pulling feathers downward and in the direction that they grow. Remove pinfeathers with tweezers, and singe downfeathers with a lighted, twisted newspaper, being careful not to burn skin. Transport in open air. Refrigerate 2 to 3 days before cooking or freeze for later use.

RUFFLED GROUSE AMANDINE

4 ruffled grouse	1/4 cup blanched almonds, slivered
salt and pepper	
4 slices bacon	1 tsp. lemon juice
1/2 cup melted butter	4 slices buttered toast

Sprinkle grouse inside and out with salt and pepper. Cover breasts with bacon and fasten with string or wooden picks. Place grouse breasts up in baking pan. Roast in preheated 350° oven 15-20 minutes or until tender, basting frequently with 1/4 cup of the butter. Combine remaining butter, almonds, and lemon juice. Five minutes before grouse are done, remove string or picks and bacon. Pour butter-almond mixture over grouse and serve on buttered toast with bacon.

BRAISED PARTRIDGE

4 partridges	1 can condensed cream of celery soup
salt, pepper, flour	
1/4 cup bacon fat	1/2 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup milk	
1/4 tsp. caraway seeds	

Sprinkle partridges inside and out with salt, pepper, and flour. Heat bacon fat in skillet; add partridges and brown on all sides. Add milk, soup, onion, and caraway seeds. Bring to a boil. Cover and cook over low heat 25 to 30 minutes or until tender, basting frequently with sauce in pan. Serve with rice, salad, hot rolls, and your favorite beverage. □

THE GUARD

'Twas the Autumn of the year.
Red and gold dominated the hills.
Waking to the crow of a rooster
He and his hound, on a morning clear.

Jim Hill was the destination.
The fur of his fox was his quest.
Fog had crept away on her haunches
Yet a heavy dew left her inclination.

Speedy was anticipating the hunt,
And so was his master.
He looked at him, as if to ask,
Could they go any faster?

Off at a dead run, Speedy took.
His baying split the morning air.
Ben headed for the appropriate crossing,
He loaded and threw up his gun for a look.

The wait was long and cold.
Ben checked his safety once again.
Frost on the barrels,
Thank goodness for the new gloves he
was sold.

Then from Yaggar way
Came a familiar ring.
Speedy had turned the damn thing
Headed in the right direction.

Closer came the chase.
Hound and fox in great haste.
There's a speck, now two,
Up beyond the Emerson place.

This one was very smart.
A crow burst into the sky
His warning was heard for a mile.
The hound and his master had been
two hours apart.

Close enough, Ben said,
The safety flicked off,
The eye trained, then a blast.
The fox fell, dead.

A whistle blew in the distance.
Time for work, Ben said.
With that he lifted the pelt,
And passed through the gate of pasture fence.

Jeffrey A. Tucker
Rumford Point



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THEATRE

HEBRON DRAMA: *The Miser*, Moliere's comic masterpiece, translated & directed by Nicholas Durso. Nov. 7-11, Treat Science Lecture Hall, Hebron Academy, 8 p.m. For reservations call 966-2511 or 674-2956.

ETC.

FARE SHARE CO-OP STORE: Natural foods, books & literature. A member-run store, visitors welcome. 62 High Street, South Paris, Me. New hrs: Thurs. 2-8; Fri. 10-5; Sat. 10-5.

BARBER SHOP SINGING: The Hillsman Chorus, S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. meets every Thurs. at 7:30 p.m., Second Congregational Church, Norway. Guests welcome.

LPL PLUS APL: SPECIALS

COMMUNITY EVENTS: sponsored by Lewiston Public Library and Auburn Public Library with the support of the Maine State Commission on the Arts and Humanities. NOV 18: FILM: *Cousin Angelica* Carlos Saura's poignant film about middle age. (Spanish/English subtitles) Ritz Theatre, Maple St., Lewiston, 2 p.m. \$1.50. Not rated. NOV. 27-30: Hancock Woodwind Quintet Performances in local schools; Nov. 28 Children's Performances, Lewiston Public Library Children's Room, 3:30 p.m. No admission; Nov. 29 Senior Citizens' Concert Preview, Esplanade, Great Falls Plaza, Auburn, 7:30 p.m., no admission; Nov. 30 Concert (Lesley Bell, flute; Stephen Quint, horn; Paul Stebbins, bassoon; Larry Tietze, clarinet; Joe Timm, oboe), United Baptist Church, 250 Main St., Lewiston, 8 p.m., no admission. DEC. 2, FILM: *Children of Theater Street*, a touching documentary about famed Kirov Ballet School in Leningrad, narrated by Princess Grace of Monaco, rated G; Ritz Theatre, 2 p.m., \$1.50. Also in Dec.: **GAYLE FRAAS**, fabric design workshops in middle & high schools.

A "Y" WITHOUT WALLS

by Paula Perham

Many people are just now discovering that the Oxford Hills area has a YMCA program. It's minus the traditional building and pool, but using schools, churches and legion halls, the "Y" program is going strong.

Now in its third year in the Oxford Hills area, the YMCA has grown considerably from the days when a single program co-ordinator operated out of a rent-free room in the Chamber of Commerce office above Norway National Bank.

Begun with funds from the Maine Criminal Justice Planning and Assistance Agency as a Rural Delinquency Prevention Project in 1977, the project was one of four in the state. Other similar efforts were established at Pittsfield, Farmington and Dixfield in order to expand Y services to the state's small towns. Advisory boards were established by Project Director David Whalen in each area. In 1978, the name Rural Delinquency Prevention Project was changed to Youth-Community Development Project (YCDP).

Current Program Co-ordinator Peggy Wolfe, a part-time Y employee, develops new programs and supervises the Y operation. In addition to Peggy, the YMCA has a full-time CETA-funded employee, Paula Perham, as public relations person who also runs Rent-A-Youth and assists Peggy when needed. A second CETA employee, Karen Williams, is a full-time activities director. Currently, Noreen Fortier handles typing and other secretarial duties.

Y personnel credit the organization's advisory board for much of their success. The board is the ultimate decision-making and planning body of the YMCA. Members are all concerned citizens from the area who have volunteered their time and talents to the Y. They are divided into two committees—program and fund raising.

One chief reason for the Y's success is volunteers. Volunteers teach programs like tennis, basketball, pottery, and arts & crafts. They chaperone disco dances and trips; they use their skills to help organize tennis tournaments and road races.

Page 37...



Pictured above, YMCA staff for summer 1979's "Sun Fun" program at Lake Pennesewassee Recreation Area in Norway

...Page 36 Y Without Walls

In the spring of 1979, expansion of the Chamber of Commerce made it impossible for the YMCA to remain in its office space. Due to the generosity of the town of Norway, the YMCA moved its office to the recreation building at Norway Lake for the summer, and has recently moved back down into Norway for the winter. The Norway Lake move made possible a program that Co-ordinator Peggy Wolfe had had in mind for some time. The Y Sun Fun day program, geared to ages 6-12, ran daily Monday through Friday and offered crafts, camping skills, games, and swimming in conjunction with the Norway-Paris Recreation Commission.

The YMCA also joined with Oxford County Community Services in offering the same type of activities geared for younger children.

Another new summer offering was a crafts and games program which traveled from Waterford to West Paris to Norway, offering arts & crafts, stories, and games to kids that couldn't come to the other program.

These day activities helped fill a need in this area

for parents who were looking for an alternative to babysitters or leaving their children unsupervised at Norway Lake for the day.

The Y's fall schedule includes some activities which have been popular in the past, as well as several new programs. Y Play is a new program for pre-schoolers, offered two mornings a week for an hour and a half. The youngsters play games, do simple exercises, and listen to stories and music. Y Play provides socialization opportunities for the kids and a brief bit of free time for parents.

Y Drop In is a program for high school students, providing an opportunity to socialize outside of a school setting. Swimming for the whole family as a group and lessons for adults are both new programs.

Cooking with Alternative Foods, taught by Carolyn Scott, is an introduction to inexpensive and nutritious meals using ingredients like whole grains, beans, tofu, malt, sprouts, and carob, along with more traditional ingredients.

Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.
FLU SHOTS

Many of you out there should be taking influenza more seriously than you seem to be. For those at high risk, influenza can be more than an inconvenience; it can be devastating. Misunderstanding about influenza comes about because many viral illnesses are termed "the flu" by both patient and doctor. A runny nose, a bout of diarrhea, a week of dry cough and malaise, abdominal cramps and fever—we label them all "the flu."

Influenza is an unforgettable illness. High fever, shaking chills, severe headache, severe muscle aching, and a feeling of extreme prostration all combine to render us bedridden for days. Whereas other viral respiratory infections beget a runny nose and sinus congestion, a dry nose and throat and dry cough are more characteristic of influenza. A typical central chest pain is aggravated by the dry hacking cough. In an uncomplicated case the fever may be gone in three to four days and the illness is usually over in a week. This type of illness, typical influenza, is not merely a bad cold—it is bona fide "flu."

Influenza is caused by one particular virus—a virus with various types and designations which give rise to the confusing array of names: Asian, Hong Kong, Russian, Swine, and others. Perhaps an analogy can serve to sort this out for us. Just as dogs may be setters, poodles, or hounds, influenza virus comes in three types: A, B, and C. Within each of these types of influenza virus there are a number of subtypes caused by chemical variations within the virus particle. These subtypes are termed A¹, A², etc. (i.e. English and Irish setters, standard and toy poodles.) And these subtypes are often named for a place of origin. For example, influenza A/Texas 77 originated in Texas two years ago. To confuse the issue further, each subtype is itself subject to variations, just as no two Irish setters look exactly alike. These variations within a subtype may produce differences sufficient

enough to fool any antibody "remembering" a previous influenza infection. Such variations may defeat the intent of a flu shot, which is to trick the body into thinking influenza has come along, get the body to produce antibodies to one or more subtypes, and so be ready when the real thing hits.

Epidemics of A-type virus occur in cycles of about every two to four years, whereas influenza B epidemics are cycled every four to six years. Rarely, a worldwide epidemic or pandemic may occur. We have had three pandemics in the last century. In 1917-1918, five hundred million people contracted influenza, and twenty million people died during three waves of pandemic caused by an A subtype known also to infect pigs. Not all the people who died in that pandemic were old and debilitated; one of every sixty-seven army soldiers with influenza died of it. When the A-Swine subtype which caused this pandemic was found three years ago in five army recruits with influenza at Fort Dix a very real possibility of another Swine flu pandemic prompted the mass immunization program in 1976-1977.

The 1957 Asian influenza pandemic (also caused by an A subtype virus) spread like wild fire, thanks to an international congress of high school students held in Iowa and attended by eighteen hundred students from forty-three states and countries abroad. The attack rate was incredible—I can remember walking into my homeroom at school to find only a substitute teacher, the town bully, and the meanest girl in ninth grade—a dark day indeed. Mortality was far less than in the 1917-1918 pandemic but not because of modern medicine; this influenza virus subtype produced a less lethal illness.

We have no cure for influenza. The illness must run its course. Aspirin, fluids, and bedrest help the symptoms. Codeine relieves the dry cough and chest pain. Antibiotics are of no use and may indeed be harmful by promoting growth of highly virulent bacteria within lungs already compromised and weakened by viral infection. A persistent fever after three to four days, a cough productive of phlegm, marked prostration, and a wet, rattling chest signal the development of complicating pneumonia, which is extremely dangerous.

You can increase your chances of avoiding influenza by getting a flu shot. Although it is impossible to be vaccinated against all of

the various types and subtypes of influenza virus, it is possible to make an educated guess about which types may be about to descend upon us. To do this educated guessing, one considers the cyclical nature of epidemics. One also keeps in mind the most recently isolated influenza subtypes. The virus which caused Hong Kong flu in 1972—a B-type virus—is presently endemic. A-type Brazil, A-are also quite prevalent. Because "Brazil" and "USSR" viruses are so very similar, vaccination against one will afford protection against both. The educated guess for this year is, therefore, trivalent and contains three distinct killed virus strains: A/Brazil, A/Texas, and B/Hong Kong. Seventy per cent of those vaccinated will obtain immunity to these and similar influenza virus strains for a period of three

much more likely in high risk patients than is death from the Guillain-Barre syndrome.

Those patients with a high risk of mortality from epidemic influenza include those over sixty-five years of age, and those of any age with heart disease of any kind, with lung diseases such as asthma, chronic bronchitis, emphysema, tuberculosis, and cystic fibrosis, with chronic diseases, with diabetes, and those with cancer who are presently getting drug treatment which in turn weakens resistance to infection. Pregnant women with the above chronic diseases should be vaccinated. For all others, especially those with a high risk of exposure (teachers, medical personnel) and those providing essential community services, the benefits and risks of vaccination have to be considered by patient and doctor.

Now, in November, influenza is just

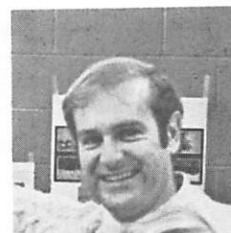
Now, in November, influenza is just around the corner. Avail yourself of one of medicine's better-educated guesses: get a flu shot.

to six months.

Remember, though, that this flu shot will not protect against other viral illnesses such as the common cold, shingles, or polio. About one-third of those vaccinated will get some swelling and tenderness at the site of injection. Other side affects from the flu shot are much less common, however. A mild flu-like illness, lasting one to two days, with fever, muscle aches, and fatigue, may occur in five to ten per cent of those vaccinated. Immediate allergic reaction, mild or severe, can occur in those allergic to egg protein.

Another remote risk of influenza vaccine is a form of paralysis, usually temporary and from which recovery is usually complete. This, the Guillain-Barre syndrome, occurred in ten of every million persons injected with Swine flu vaccine. Of these, eighty-five per cent recovered completely, ten per cent had long-term or permanent impairment, and five per cent (that is, one in two million people vaccinated) died. Among the elderly, the mortality risk from vaccination was higher—one in every million. This last complication of flu vaccination was not recognized before the massive Swine flu vaccination program. Whether vaccination with other flu vaccines carries the same risk of Guillain-Barre syndrome is not known. It is clear, though, that death from influenza is

around the corner. Avail yourself of one of medicine's better educated guesses: get a flu shot. □



Dr. Lacombe, a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, is on the Stephens Memorial Hospital Health Education Advisory Board.

A line drawing of a person wearing a uniform consisting of a jacket with a belt and a skirt. The person is standing with hands on hips.

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..Page 37 Y Without Walls

Senior Citizen Fitness, offered in Waterford and Norway, provides exercise geared to the activity level of the participating older adults.

Aerobic Dancing, taught by Patty Noll in morning and evening classes, is also a great way to keep fit. This winter the Y plans to offer basketball, a winter sports program, fitness classes and a swim clinic with a different stroke covered each class, in addition to continuing the popular fall programs.

The YMCA is always trying to improve current programs and to offer new programs as needed. The Stamp Club and Singles Club are two examples of activities suggested by people with special interests, in search of others with similar interests.

Through alliances with other area organizations, the YMCA has also been able to offer help in planning and running programs and events such as a day program at Norway Lake with Oxford County Community Services, the First Annual Woody Allen Memorial Road Race with the Norway-Paris Kiwanis, and the Family Day Celebration in conjunction with Rightstart and OCCS.

The Y still doesn't have its own building. Current plans include the use of the Norway Lake Recreation Building during the summer with another in-town site used in winter for small programs. Most programs operate in borrowed or rented space. Slowly, programs are expanding throughout the Oxford Hills area. Before long, the staff hopes to serve the Bethel area and Buckfield-Hartford-Sumner as well. This winter the Y will assume more of its own expenses, and has hopes to someday maintain its own building with a full-time director and more staff members.

As a branch of the state YMCA of Maine, the Y receives some services from the main office in Waterville. Until March, 1980, when funding ends, David Whalen will serve as overall director for all the YCDP branches. Since the beginning of 1979, the local Y has been responsible for 100% of its budget. All money has to be raised locally, from program fees, fund-raising campaigns, special events and gifts. The planned 1979 budget was approximately \$9700. The actual income and outgo of funds for the year will wind up being closer to \$14,000 because of rapid program growth.

The future looks good for the Oxford Hills YMCA, thanks to widespread community support and a program formula which uses popular standard offerings such as swimming and tennis as the organization's backbone, and then branches out into new areas as staff and community interest increases.

It's the formula for success when, as Y staffers like to say, you're "in the people business." □

Paula Perham is the Oxford Hills Area YMCA's public relations director.

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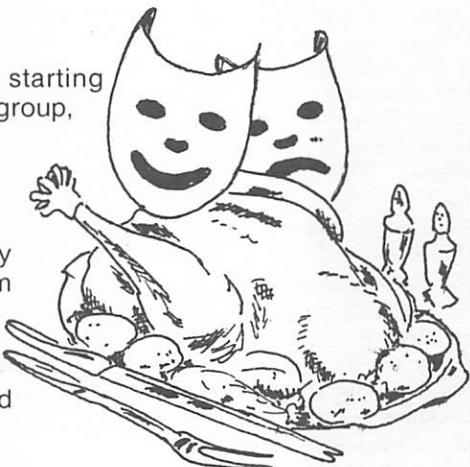
Visit the Bethel Inn over the Thanksgiving holiday weekend and enjoy any or all of the special things planned for your enjoyment.

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Come for a traditional country Thanksgiving dinner with all the trimmings, anytime Thursday from noon until 7:30 P.M. A great place to get together with family and friends at an affordable price of \$8.95 for adults and \$5.95 for children under 13.

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Then enjoy live theatre at no charge starting at 8:30 P.M. The fabulous Threeater group, renowned for their performances in communities and universities here and abroad will perform "The Incomparable Mulla Nasrudin," a theater comedy that the whole family will enjoy. Threeater will also perform at 9:00 on Saturday for our dinner guests. This time it's their horrific "Weird Tales," classic and modern stories of the macabre, from Poe and other masters of darkness.



Downstairs at the Bethel Inn

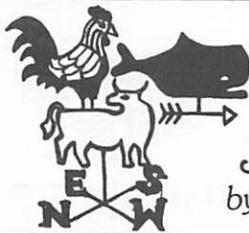
Of course, Downstairs at the Bethel Inn will add to the festivities with live music and dancing all weekend and snacks until midnight.

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Jay's Journal by Jay Burns

November is the first winter month in the hills and lakes region. No more do we talk about "Indian Summer," foliage, or killing frosts; these are terms of fall. Fall is over. We must condition ourselves for hard-core winter weather.

First I'm going to talk about the weather changes in the month. In the summer winds were light most of the time and we only worried about direction. Southeast winds meant humid conditions and northwest winds meant dry, cool air. November changes all that. The Anglo-Saxons in Old England referred to November as the "winde-monath" because of increased wind speeds.

These increased wind speeds are due to the more wintery look of the weather map—the principle storm track slips southward from Canada along the northern tier of states. The storm track that blasts northeasters into the area revives in November. Beginning in northern Florida, this storm track crosses Cape Hatteras and skirts Cape Cod on its way to Nova Scotia.

As the storms pass, they kick up strong northwesterly winds. So as the number of storms crossing the area increases, so do the winds. This region often experiences the backlash of fall storms. November in Maine is truly a windy month.

Rarely do we escape November without a measurable snowfall. Yes, those of you with winterphobia, I've brought it out into the open. November does have snow and you can't escape it. You'd better face that fact right now or it's going to be a long month. The most I have recorded in the month of November was 14 inches in 1971 (the first year I started to record snow depths). The least snow that I have recorded was in 1973 when the snow held off until 8:30 on the night of the 30th.

In most years I am able to shrug off the November snows. My November Policy is not to get involved. But last year I had to break my November Policy. The touch

football league of Waterford usually plays every Sunday morning from early September to late October, quitting before the winter months. But last year we made the mistake of having our last football game—the Waterford Bowl—on November 26th. I could not ignore the November snows last year.

The morning of the 26th dawned clear and sunny. The only problem was that the temperature was 6°; the hard, frozen ground was covered by 3½ inches of snow and the wind was blowing out of the northwest at 20 m.p.h. In the National Football League they have tractors to plow snow off their fields. Sometimes they have propane torches to thaw the playing surfaces. The members of the Waterford Football League must tramp around the sidelines to make boundaries. NFL receivers and pass defenders wear batting gloves to keep their hands warm. WFL receivers and defenders wear nylon, down-filled gloves. This keeps our hands warm, but we drop most of the passes.

Playing in the snow was fun but most of the finesse and technique we had built up during the fall was obliterated. Down-and-out became down-slip-out. Rushing the passer was like chasing someone on ice when you're wearing boots. The one good thing was that it was so cold the ball never got wet.

By the time November comes, we are usually well prepared for winter. We have wood. We have plastered tarpaper around the foundation of the house. We who live in the hills and lakes region today know about the winter from experience. But what about the first settlers? Did they know about the weather conditions of the North American continent?

The French were the first to learn how cold and snowy the winters in America are. Seventy-nine French settlers spent the winter of 1604-05 on St. Croix Island, a small spot of land in the estuary of the St. Croix River. These settlers thought that since the land was on the same latitude as their native France the winters would be as mild as those of France. Thirty-five of the settlers died during the first winter. It was so cold that all the beverages froze except for the Spanish wine. Cider was given out by the pound.

Actually, the French settlers had no reason to think that the winters of the New World would be any more severe than those of France, where the prevailing northwest winds ride in off the relatively warm Atlantic

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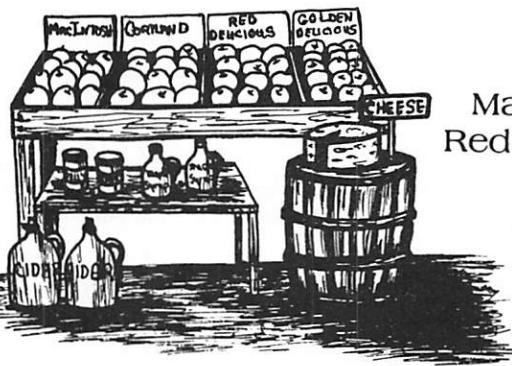
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The Last Look



So the sum of \$338.92 was on June 18, 1921, duly distributed to the 13 grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Dr. Leander Gage in amounts ranging from \$9.42 to \$42.36!

The letters which Mr. Chamberlain received from the various heirs must have made him happy and proud in his old age. As one lady expressed it, "it is the most wonderful example of honor in real life that I ever knew of."

One more episode and the story is done—In the library of the Maine Medical Association at 142 High Street, Portland, Maine, there is a mahogany desk with a small brassplate bearing this inscription:

In
1921
Charles M. Chamberlain
a native of Waterford, Maine
sent to the heirs of
Dr. Leander Gage
payment for medical services
rendered before
1842

—

In honor of his act
Three Grandchildren of Dr. Gage
Presented to the
Maine Medical Association
this desk purchased with their
share of the sum sent.

When the President, Dr. Addison Thayer, accepted this desk for the Maine Medical Association, he told the story and bade the members "cheer up and worry no more"—if they couldn't collect their debts, for in another century, their grandchildren would!

□



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You don't say

THE STORY OF THE CHAMBERLAIN DEBT A True Story of Waterford

In the year 1817, about three years before the Province of Maine separated from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and became the 23rd state of the Union, a young doctor by the name of Leander Gage set up a practice as a physician and surgeon in the small town of Waterford. It was then, as now, a small town set in a farming community, surrounded by beautiful lakes and hills, in a wide and (in winter) rather inhospitable region. The inhabitants were honest, hard-working, God-fearing people, of fine old New England stock.

Dr. Gage became the typical country doctor of his day, having a wide and successful practice. In summer he drove his doctor's chaise around the countryside, but in winter and spring he was compelled oftentimes to visit his patients on horseback—the only way to get over the back country roads of his day. He was at once doctor, surgeon, oculist, dentist, nurse, counsellor, friend, and priest to the inhabitants not only of his town but of the neighboring towns as well—in fact, the "beloved physician" of the entire countryside.

Among his patients was one Phebe Haskins, a double first cousin of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who married John Chamberlain, also of a pioneer family. They lived for many years in Waterford. Their son Charles Moody Chamberlain was born in 1841, before the family moved away.

In 1842 Leander Gage died when only 50 years old, worn out by his many cares. His widow had to sell the homestead which Dr. Gage had built on a hill overlooking the village and which had been their happy home for 20 years—his eight children scattered to various parts of the country.

In 1921, over a hundred years after Dr. Leander Gage first set up practice in Waterford, his grandson, Dr. Homer Gage in Worcester, Massachusetts, one day received by registered mail the following letter:

Maspeth, L.I., May 9th, 1921
Dr. Homer Gage;
Dear Sir:

When a boy, back in 1855, I heard my Father expressing regret that he was unable to pay Dr. Gage who had been our family Physician \$75.00 that he owed him when he left Waterford. Father died on October 4th, 1856. At the time I heard this, I determined in my own mind if I ever became able I would pay the amount. For years I never made much more than a living, but some 3 years ago money began to come from a fortunate investment . . .

Visiting my native town last year put me strongly in mind of my resolution. Now I trust you will think with me—better late than never, and distribute the amount among the heirs of Dr. Leander Gage, and oblige.

Yours truly,
Charles M. Chamberlain

Enclosed was a check for \$432.75, being the \$75.00 debt which John Chamberlain had been unable to pay, together with 79 years' interest at 6%!

Dr. Homer Gage, to put it mildly, was completely flabbergasted. Charles M. Chamberlain meant nothing to him, nor had he ever heard of such a debt. He immediately took the matter up with his brother, T. Hovey Gage, who was equally astonished.

It so happened that the old house in Waterford had come back into the Gage family, and the original account books kept by Dr. Leander had been brought back and were again in their accustomed place. Mr. Gage promptly examined them and, sure enough—the entries in the Ledger under the name of John Chamberlain showed that there was still a debt remaining unpaid at the time of the doctor's death—but certain credits for services rendered had reduced it slightly below the principal amount of \$75.00 mentioned in Mr. Chamberlain's letter.

The interest was re-calculated in the light of these old entries and the overpayment returned to Mr. Chamberlain. Of course, Dr. Homer Gage and Mr. T. Hovey Gage were most reluctant to take their shares, but Mr. Chamberlain insisted, and this was the way he put it:

Please accept my thanks for your kindness in ascertaining and fixing the exact amount of the account, but I rather that you and your Brother should keep that that belongs to you.

All in all a "remarkable example of New England integrity and filial loyalty," as Mr. Gage so aptly put it.

BOLDNESS

The day was raw
And harsh but bold,
And boldness is
Sometimes all,
For we're quick
To forgive all
Other sins
When we
Are overawed.

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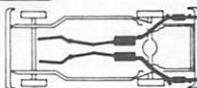
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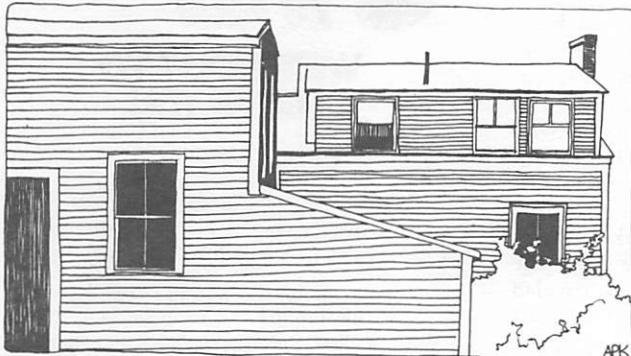
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from jitterbugs and modern dancing. The orchestra plays the dance tunes popular in their day—two-steps, polkas, Boston Fancy, Hulls Victory and the Berlin. This is always an interesting affair to the younger generation. There are many who have never seen these dances with their graceful and pretty steps. The young people are allowed on the floor only with the understanding that they must dance the old-fashioned steps, so many of the youngsters in this vicinity can dance the Berlin with the same ease and grace that their grandmothers did.

Thanksgiving Day with its many reasons for thankfulness is over; the snowplow is now a common sound as it rattles up and down the road through the silent nights. The sun rises late only to vanish in a short time behind grey clouds, leaving the day in a cold gloom; but November has proved a month of busy days, visits from friends, sports, and a special day of reunion with our families. The days have slipped away and as we turn the page in our diary and calendars we notice with a sudden shock that there are only twenty-one more shopping days until Christmas! □



Mrs. Farrington, now a resident of Ledgeview Nursing Home in West Paris, wrote her book, **Maine Is Forever** at East Stoneham in 1954. Mrs. Farrington has had a book of poetry published as well as articles in Redbook and The Ford Times.



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Today's girls with their bright snowsuits and solid underwear under them are experts at skiing down the steepest slopes. If anything comes loose in a fall they are not exposed to the public eye climbing back up the hill. They have only to sit quietly in a chair that carries them both up and down and be transferred to a place to eat, to get warm, and to make repairs.

Each day gets shorter as November grows old and darkness comes along almost by mid-afternoon. Thanksgiving day is suddenly here with the children and grandchildren filling the house with noise and laughter. The fragrance of mince pies, fruit cakes, turkey and plum pudding are everywhere. Maine's Thanksgiving dinners are like those the country over, except that most of it was raised in the near-by community. The turkey has a special significance for us who have watched him grow from a small turkey to our main course! Our town is one of the many in Maine that has a turkey farm, a bustling place on the week before Thanksgiving. The job of dressing the turkeys is done by local women who are glad of a chance to earn a little Christmas gift money or pay for their own turkey in this way. High school boys who are students of agriculture kill the turkeys by lassoing them with a wire around the leg, and then sticking them in the throat with a very sharp knife. Pin feathering a turkey that is to be sold a top prices in the market is a slow tiresome task but the ladies go about it in a businesslike way. Their tongues fly with the pin feathers, recounting all the news, a little gossip, and stories that are hushed the minute a masculine step is heard near the outside door. Removing all the pin feathers from a black turkey is a job that requires something to lighten it—even though it be an unlady-like story! An expert can pick four turkeys in the forenoon, which are then repicked by the ladies who are called "inspectors.". Can a Maine lady be blamed for taking a personal interest in the Thanksgiving turkey and all those that she sees in the market? She is wondering if that one with so many pin feathers on it is the one she gave up as a hopeless task and hung up on the inspector's nail in the hope that she would not know who did such a poor job.

Thanksgiving balls are held everywhere, but the one in the town of Harrison is somewhat different. Once a year on this evening the old-timers have their fun, free



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The advertisement for S & X Building, Inc. includes two black and white photographs of buildings. The top photo shows a single-story wooden building with a gabled roof and several windows, identified as the "S & X Building". The bottom photo shows a larger, modern-looking building with a flat roof and multiple windows, identified as "Goodwin's Discount Furniture". Above the buildings is a cartoon-style drawing of a sun with rays. Below the buildings is a graphic of a triangle and a square. The text "S & X Building, Inc." is written vertically on the left side of the bottom building. The contact information "General Contractor Residential - Commercial" and the phone number "Ph. 583-4091" are listed at the bottom right. The location "Harrison, Me." is also mentioned.

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and cost the unbelievable sum of twenty-five cents. We had no ski harnesses. I doubted if they had been invented then. But we found that discarded jar rubbers would hold the skis on tight and if there were no discarded ones we have been known to sneak our a box of Mother's new ones. Safely fastened in with jar rubbers and dressed modestly as girls did in those days, with four garters attached to a garter belt, my hair pinned up with hairpins, and my warm underwoolies held up by an elastic band, I made my first descent over a small hill that had a mysterious snow-covered hump on it. Everything went well and I was gliding down smoothly until I flew the hump. After I untangled my limbs from skis and snow, I arose to face an amused audience of boys and girls. The damage was slight except to my pride—four broken garters and every hairpin missing. Clutching my slipping underwear with its broken waist band and brushing the wet hair from my eyes, I scrambled up the hill to the refuge of the house where Mother consoled me with the thoughts that maybe the boys did not notice. But it marked the beginning and the end of my career at the sport of skiing.

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for ants; notice the bumblebee overhead like a giant bomber, buzzing off on missions that are unknown to anyone; see the red and green lizard dart swiftly under a rock like a frightened pedestrian dodging a truck.

No sorrow is so deep or trouble so great the life cannot have its beautiful moments.

Everyday events give us cause to be thankful every hour. Money, fame, and good health are all things to be grateful for, but they can mean nothing at all without the greatest thing of all, good friends. And in no place in the world can better friends be found than in small towns. A small town is a family in itself: their troubles are our worry and their good fortune is our pleasure. I should not like to live in a large city where my next door neighbor was a stranger, and where I wouldn't know the milkman and the man who reads the light and water meters.

Maine does not have the problems many states do. Life is easy in many ways and flows along like our quiet rivers. If we have an earthquake it is almost guaranteed to do no more harm than rattle the window panes. We do not have dangerous hurricanes often enough but what a minor one is big news and more exciting than frightening. The only record I can find in old diaries is one that Maine still remembers, mostly from the damage it did to our pine forests and shade trees. I remember it from being out in it, due to my own recklessness. Hurricane warnings had been on the radio all day, but never having had a serious one, we had no faith that we ever would. I remember getting the washing off the line and thinking I was all prepared for a hurricane. In spite of the rain and rising wind a car full of ladies, with one lone husband, went to Norway to attend a lodge meetings. When we arrived in Norway we found that falling trees had ripped wires and plunged the town into darkness. The meeting was postponed and we started the trip home, while trees crashed in front and behind the car. The gentleman in the party borrowed an axe at a house along the way and I know we will always remember the twenty-three stops we made while twenty-three trees were cut away so the car could pass through. It was not a pleasant experi-

ence to sit waiting to be hit on the head with a giant pine tree, or wondering if the wires we had to drive the car over were live ones. Everything seemed shipshape when I got home. The children were sleeping and, there being no trees near the house, I decided not to wake them. But I changed my mind. A sudden crash upstairs was followed by a blast of wind that brought a rug from the hall floor flying downstairs like a magic carpet. A pane of glass had blown out of the hall window and was soon followed by one in the kitchen. As we hurriedly boarded these up, we decided that Maine would always be full of surprises

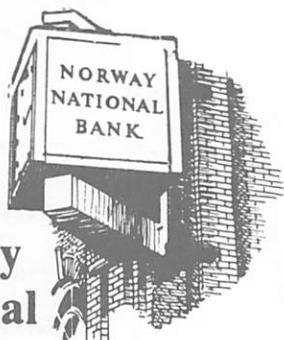
November usually provides us with our best skating of the year. In seasons when the snow does not come early in the month, the lakes and ponds freeze in a glassy shining surface. Boys and girls do not let freezing temperatures or the lack of a moon spoil their fun. They gather a huge pile of old auto tires and build a bonfire that lights up the nearby pond. As they tire of skating they



gather around the fire and roast marshmallows and hot dogs on long sticks. It is an expected plea when the ice is safe to hear, "Mother, may I have a quarter for my share of the hot dogs we are going to roast?" All boys and girls learn to skate at an early age in Maine, for in a land of so many lakes and ponds, swimming and skating are natural to children. As the younger children tire and leave for home and the fire dies down, the older boys and girls venture farther away where the shadows are deeper—and that is to be expected in Maine, as in all other states.

We awaken after an evening of skating to find that a snowstorm has changed the sport to that of skiing. The state has plenty of mountains and hills to make this sport a natural talent too; and we can brag that along with furnishing the hills we can also furnish the skis, made in Maine from Maine lumber. I never reached the place where I considered myself even an amateur at this sport. My sister and I had skis, of course, for everyone did even though many of them never left their standing place in the barn or front porch. I remember very well my first pair of skis. They were made at South Paris

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November is a good month to count up our blessings
and be duly thankful for things that we take for granted . . .

The days are short, but they seem long
for the sky is drear and there are only a few hours of sunlight
for reading, working, and writing.

Recollections

Maine Is Forever

by Inez Farrington

PART XI:

November—our uninvited guest has settled down to stay. Winter is knocking at our doors and will rush in each time the outside door is opened. It rattles at the window and sits on the front porch as if daring anyone to come out and keep it company. The mornings are dark and the school bus comes after the children with lights on. The children, bundle in jackets, mittens, and ski clothes, leave in the dim twilight, not to return until until the sun is down behind the mountain, the light in the kitchen on, and supper waiting. The days are short, but they seem long for the sky is drear and there are only a few hours of sunlight for reading, working, and writing.

November is a cold cheerless month with only Thanksgiving to anticipate. It is useless to look forward to spring now for there are many snowstorms, windy days, and severe cold spells between us and the first robin. It is a good month in which to count up our blessings and be duly thankful for things that we take for granted and think very little about.

We learned through the war what it meant for our families to be broken and far apart on Thanksgiving Day. Our town, as perhaps many others, learned what it meant to have the telegram arrive just as we were sitting down to our Thanksgiving dinners, saying that a boy we all knew and loved had lost his life in the battle of Metz. We knew our own boy was in the battle and we had not heard from him for weeks. Our grief, as we served the dinner for the sake of the young children, taught us how very dear a friend can be; and our joy in the letter that came that night from our son, even though it had been written before the great battle, taught

us to be thankful for small blessings. It brought a lesson in gratitude to our postmaster, who gave us the letter even though it was a holiday and by rights the post office should have been closed.

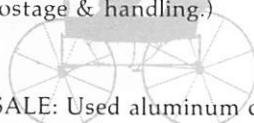
As we look back over our lives, it should not need a war to teach us to be thankful. Maine people have so many things for which to be thankful, just living here: the pine forests heavily carpeted with russet-colored pine needles, fragrant on a warm day, and ornamented with lacey ferns and toadstools that pop up here and there like fairy parasols; cool birch-shaded lakes; a full moon shining on fields of white, while trees snap in protest at the invigorating cold; hayfields full of daisies; strawberry blossoms like fallen stars by the roadside; days of honest work and nights of quiet sleep. I like to think of Heaven as having a bit of Maine's beauty—June days and August nights, a little time for play, and some work to do even though it may be only polishing crowns.

I wonder if I am a little simple-minded to find my pleasure in such things as I do; but I think all Maine folks are much the same way, for I believe that each soul absorbs some of the natural beauty that is ours. Thus, though I may never meet with great adventure I meet many little private adventures of my own. If I am disappointed in getting to see a long anticipated movie or show, I can always sit on the curb of the old well and watch the sun set in a burst of color that puts the gowns of movie stars to shame. A visit to a moss-covered stone wall can prove as adventurous as a visit to a crowded city: watch the ants hurry here and there as busy ladies do on the sidewalk, pushing each other in their search for better food bargains



PEDDLER PAGE

FOR SALE: An attractive 180-page cookbook featuring many of Bethel's old-time favorite recipes, illustrated with old photographs of domestic scenes. The perfect gift for any occasion, it is available for only \$4.50 (plus 75¢ for mailing) at the Moses Mason Museum, 15 Broad St., Bethel, Me. 04217, (207) 824-2908. Write to P. O. Box 12, Bethel, Me. 04217. Also available is a 1980 black-and-white calendar featuring historic photographs of Bethel, 1885-1920 and including important dates in Bethel's past. The price of the calendar is \$2.50 (plus 50¢ for postage & handling.)



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NOVEMBER BRAINTEASER - XVIV

A dying man was about to become a father. He summoned his lawyer and had a will drawn up. In his will, he left two thirds of his estate to his son (if the baby should be a boy) and one-third to the mother. If the baby turned out to be a girl, two thirds of the estate would go to the mother and one third to the daughter.

After the man's death, his wife bore twins, a boy and a girl. How was the estate divided among the three heirs in accordance with the dead man's will?

*Send your answer to **BitterSweet**, RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220. The earliest postmarked entry with the correct answer will receive a free subscription.*

ANSWER TO OCTOBER BRAINTEASER

The first student had to answer "no" to the stranger's question, whether or not he was in fact a freshman. Therefore, the second student's answer was a truthful one. This means that the second student is a senior.

If the third student's statement is true, then the third student is not a freshman and the first student is a freshman. On the other hand, if the third student is lying, then the third student is a freshman and the first student is a senior. The first student or the third student could be a freshman—but not both.

Thus, the group of three students must consist of one freshman and two seniors.

Richard Judkins of Norway, Ida Hudson of Harrison, and Christina F. B. Rowden answered the August Brainteaser. Their names were mistakenly omitted from last month's magazine.

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letters to the editor

ELECTRIC FERTILIZER

In the August issue of *BitterSweet*, John Meader had an entertaining and informative article about lightning. I was particularly interested in what he said about its useful aspects because we ordinarily hear only about the destructive attributes. I wish to "accentuate the positive" a little more by mentioning a very important function of lightning that farmers especially should appreciate. That is, that lightning puts more nitrogen into the ground than all the world's fertilizer factories. The reason is that the electric spark causes some of the nitrogen and oxygen in the air to combine into oxides of nitrogen. These are soluble in water and come to the earth in the rain which accompanies the storm.

The principle of fixation of atmospheric nitrogen using an electric arc spread out by magnets has been used in Germany and at the Muscle Shoals plant in Alabama at Wilson Dam, which later became part of TVA. Millions of tons of fertilizer have been made by TVA.

Vernon McFarlin
South Paris

GIVE US FRYEBURG

We enjoy your magazine very much but would like to see more about the Fryeburg, North Fryeburg, Stow area—maybe about some of the history of farming in the Saco River Valley—have you done the 1906 Fryeburg fire?

L. W. Willis, Jr.
Newtown, Connecticut

We would welcome submitted material on the Fryeburg area. How about it? —Ed.

LEARNING TO BE THIN

Dr. Michael Lacombe addressed the problems related to obesity in the June, July, and August issues of *BitterSweet*. I felt that the articles were exceptionally well done. Not only did Dr. Lacombe discuss the myths of dieting, but sensitively dealt with the mental aspects associated with weight loss. Obesity is a major health problem to the average American. It is estimated that in Oxford County, one out of four adults carries excess weight!

It is our intention to use these articles in our educational programs for both the school and the community. □

Sue Bell
Health Education Co-ordinator
MSAD #17

Ocean. Those settlers didn't know that northwest winds in the New World blasted down from a frigid land-mass Canada.

Fifteen years later the Plymouth Colony was founded on the east coast of Massachusetts, just south of Boston. It was located in a very small harbor which gave the first settlers excellent protection during their first winter.

The Pilgrims' first winter was mild, with very few northeasters. Many of the storms of that first year went to the west of the colony, giving them light showers and warm temperatures with a warm southerly air flow. Their little harbor protected them from the full force of any northeast gales. Southwesterly gales came from the land and did not worry the colonists, who were protected by the jutting geography of the Cape to the south.

The first snow of the season frequently arrives on or near Thanksgiving. This seemed particularly true when I lived in Salem, Massachusetts. My father, along with his two brothers and about twenty friends, used to travel 13 miles northward to

play the Boxford and Topfield "Boxtoppers" every Thanksgiving in a game of touch football. This was a pretty big event in the area and usually got some press. I was only a little kid at the time but I do remember watching it pour every Thanksgiving and wondering why they didn't play when it was sunny. But the Boxtoppers and Relatives had a tradition to uphold so every Thanksgiving they would spend three hours sloshing around in every imaginable type of precipitation.

Just as ice-out signals the end of winter in Maine, I think that ice-in should herald the coming of winter in the fall. (The Kezar Lakes once froze over enough that ice-fishing traps could be set out on Thanksgiving Day.) As soon as the lakes acquire a sheet of ice, it's time to huddle in our houses for the next six months and ask the usual winter-weather questions: "How low did the temperature get at your place last night?" "How much snow did you get?" "How much wood have you used so far?"

Winter is here.. □

Burns, a junior at Oxford Hills High School, is the Waterford weather observer for WCSH-TV.

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OLD CHEESE AND PARTRIDGE PIE

Old cheese and crackers are often the mainstay when on a woods tour, and a recent hunting expedition by Bud Kimball, Jim Snow, and Russ Penney was no exception.

The hunt began at Bud Kimball's palatial suburban home just out of downtown Buckfield. Bud is an energetic, excitable outdoorsman bursting with enthusiasm, who roams through the forest with the tireless zest of a foraging buck—and he was eager to get on the trail of woodcock and partridge this frosty October morning.

The hunters set out from Buckfield with Russ at the wheel of a jeep, poised for action at any turn of the road. They wandered along narrow, muddy tote roads and into the wildcat and moose-infested Shagg Pond area, where they paused on a side hill and Jim and Bud moved cautiously into a likely-looking cover.

Suddenly all hell broke loose when a flock of disgruntled partridge launched a vigorous attack against the surprised hunters. One low-flying bird nearly scalped Bud Kimball as he scurried for safety. The disturbed partridge were soon joined by a covey of angry woodcock and stray baldini bird. The confused hunters finally managed to establish an observation post and fired a fierce volley into the trees, but by then the birds had long since departed.

Another affray took place on the East B Hill road between Andover and Upton, when Bud and Jim chased a wily partridge back and forth across the road in hot pursuit, firing in unison and darting from one tree to another as the elusive partridge tried desperately to escape into heavy undergrowth. Eventually the two madcap hunters downed the hapless bird with a deafening burst of firepower. But "Killer" Kimball was hardly satisfied with his bag to date, so he dashed into another cover in search of more game. Suddenly Bud emerged from the cover yelling at the top of his lungs, "There's bear droppings everywhere!" and then he bounded across the road and into another thicket. "Hide the cheese," he screamed as he disappeared behind a snarl of alders, "A bear can smell that rotten stuff clear from the summit of Old Baldpate."

Sunset was approaching as the weary

sportsmen stopped for a bit of refreshment at the "C" Pond Road. They put their guns away and settled down for a scenic sojourn home through Grafton Notch. It was a long way to Buckfield, but with an ample supply of very old cheese to munch on, who cared? It had been a good day's hunt and tomorrow seven birds would go into the makings of an old-fashioned partridge pie. And no bear.

Firgone Poon
Poland



MINOT FOUNDED ON TEMPERANCE

The town of Minot was founded on the side of temperance. On April 7, 1828, Rev. E. Jones, William Ladd, and Josiah Little were appointed to a committee for the purpose of drawing up resolutions on the subject of temperance. But even the staunchest advocates of temperance were cautious in pursuing their cause. After all, rum was a staple among the settlers and it would certainly have been foolhardy indeed to attempt to deprive them of their pause in the day's toil for an occasional mug of rum.

One town minister used to say that he "thought men ought to have a little rum when mowing a wet meadow." At one time when Esquire Noyes was about to raise a small farm building he sent for Joseph Washburn and his sons to help. When they reached his place he said, "I've bought some rum, and it's generally customary to take it after the building is raised; but there are only a few of us and it'll make us a little stronger to lift, so I guess we'll drink it now."

Another neighbor, while making a speech at a Fourth of July temperance meeting said, "I think cider does me good. My blood is naturally sluggish and cider kind of engraftes me."

Russ Penney
Poland

(From the History of Androscoggin County, 1891)



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